TEN CENTS A COPY

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME IX | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1933 | NUMBER 33

Inaugural

THIS country seems to be deeply and vitally interested in politics at last. Not the old politics of push and haul between ins and outs (which is really finance not politics), but the new politics, which is more than half economics, and has written on its margins, unrest, revolution, war, and also reconstruction and hope. Even the intellectuals are interested in practical politics, and as they can think, do read, and are capable of that ten percent control of their acts by reason which is perhaps all of which human nature is capable, their state of mind is of considerable importance. We urge them (in the words of the poet) not to be too damned intellectual.

Thanks to the delay permitted by the Constitution we have had a dead and useless winter of discontent, with neither President nor Congress responsible to the country or able to represent it. Now comes an Inaugural, but the old tendency of the thoughtful to carp and split and go rhetorical over absolutes of right and wrong ways of saving the world shows no abatement. The Democratic Party was certainly not organized in Heaven, yet it has a safe majority and new blood. Franklin Roosevelt has not yet been called a miracle man, yet seems likely not to stub his toe against the first political opposition he encounters. Europe is in tension, the far-East is breaking into flames, depression is still everywhere, banks are closing because the country lent them money, the poor and the rich are both growing poorer, magazine writers are beginning to sniff at the kind of sensations which make men hysterical, Mr. Hearst is urging us all to refuse European money (he calls it buying American), and so on for a dismal column. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, it is easy to forget among so many impossibles, how many possible actions remain, and how much that might have been useful, relevant, and constructive has not even been attempted. Satire was well enough last year, and "Of Thee I Sing" (an intellectualist's production) took legitimate advantage of the opportunity, but satire is out of date at the inaugural of what promises at least one leaf turned over in history. There has been too much gratuitous satire extended upon the "new deal"? What is a new deal but a hand in the game to be followed by another and still another shuffle? Grand slams are not to be expected. Yet the cards will be redealt on the fourth of March, with results that will depend upon the players.

"What this country needs——" a book a week has that theme now. What the country does not need this March is: panicky people smelling a new disaster in every ash can; dogmatists with radical solutions calculated to settle anything by unsettling everything; reactionaries who won't play or lazy-minded people who will back up nothing; and the kind of intellectuals who would rather write books about disaster than help to avert it.

There is a curious seasonal quality in American life, probably resulting from the climate. Our year runs a cycle from energy in the Fall to relaxation in the Spring and Summer. There is a curious cyclical quality in American politics, which may be due to the in-and-out system of our fixed terms for public office. In England or in Germany or in France a new deal may be just one shuffle, whereas our inaugural's guarantee at the least

(*Continued on page* 464)

Inaugural Parade

By ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

PLODDING feet
Tramp—tramp
The Grand Old Party's
Breaking camp.
Blare of bugles
Din—din—
The New Deal is
Moving in.

My, my! What a thoroughly motley assemblage!
Here, of our land, is the warp and the weft;
Some licking lips at the prospects for theft—
Others, it seems, in a great state of tremblage
Lest this procession should turn to the left.
What are we coming to? Oracle—answer us!
Whom can we look to for counsel and aid?
What is the goal of this weird cavalcade?
Is the stout heart of democracy cancerous?
What do we care, boys—we've got a parade!

And here they come—
Racketty—bum—
Dispensers of faith
And purveyors of rum,
The cream of our populace—
Also the scum.
Seizing the chance to (as Winchell says) ankle in
Footsteps of Jefferson, Hamilton, Franklin,
(What of these layers of freedom's foundations?
Are they enjoying today's ostentations?
Or do they feel, as they watch this inanity,
Somewhat like Christ when He views Christianity?)

Nevertheless—
Sail on, Sail on, oh Ship of State!
Wait not for currents, winds or tides,
Lest barnacles accumulate
On your old sides.

But still they come—
Root-a-toot-toot—
Southern Democrats sniffing the loot;
Tammany heels,
Assured of their meals;
Growers of wheat
With nothing to eat
Showing hilarity not quite excessive;
Here's a conservative, there's a progressive;
Here is an optimist, there is a skeptic;
This is a pure man, and that one is septic;
Here's an economist, there is a junkist;
This one is frost-bitten, that one is sunkist.
Assemblymen, aldermen, congressmen, senators,
Broad (as to mind) as their Simian progenitors,
Wearing coiffeurs that resemble chrysanthemums. Boys with harmonicas tooting an anthem:

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing—
Baby—

Cataracts and slews of them,
Ear-assailing hues of them,
People from the selling game, the preaching game, the drugs game,
The fixing game, the teaching game, and every other mugg's game—
They've all come to Washington, from regions widely scattered
To watch a fellow take an oath—as if it really mattered.
Glad to get away from home,
Mixers to a man—
Members of the Church of Rome,
Members of the Klan,
Masons, Elks, and Red Men
Shouting lusty hails—
And broken ranks of dead men
Telling no tales—
Telling no tales from their silent throats,
Paying no taxes and casting no votes.

For John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
But his soul goes marching on . . .

(*Continued on next page*)

Shaw the Black Girl

THE ADVENTURES OF THE BLACK GIRL IN HER SEARCH FOR GOD. By GEORGE BERNARD SHAW. New York: Dodd, Mead & CO. 1933. $1.50.

By CHARLOTTE RUDYARD HALLOWELL

MR. JOHN FARLEIGH, artist, has done graceful service to Mr. Bernard Shaw and his publishers in "The Adventures of the Black Girl in Her Search for God." His wood engravings, notably in the sensuous bold black of the young girl's body, occupy the eye for their own sake. What they do for the text is to point it up with a sustained economy of humor which the author himself is not always master of, and with an indulgence, almost an ardor, of understanding such as Shaw was more accustomed to receive in decades gone. Barring a headpiece or two, they are a handsome work of illustration. First-string typographers will probably regret that on a combined frontispiece-title page lettering has been laid over a design which does not welcome it. As the author's name is conspicuously not on this page, the name of the publishers comes almost to parity with the title, if indeed it does not lead you to think that the publishers have written the book.

Two minds are certain to exist about this little fantasia-and-essay with its rather splendid and what proves to be satirical title. Shaw says he wrote it "instead of cumbering theatrical literature with another stage comedy"—which sounds a bit pathetic at seventy-seven. But he does the comedy and the cumbering just the same. The book has two parts, the imaginative narrative and a critical essay offering to explain it. This is rather as if two autonomous Rogers groups had been hitched together above a legend cast to read, "The work on the left can be better understood by perusing the work on the right." My own opinion is that if the narrative had been more consistently a work of art the essay must have obtruded further upon it. They are both of them performances in criticism. Shaw on the better known grotesqueries of the

(*Continued on page* 463)

This Week

"STUDIES IN SUBLIME FAILURE."
Reviewed by CLARENCE DAY.
"BERNARD SHAW."
Reviewed by TEMPLE SCOTT.
"HABITS: THEIR MAKING AND UNMAKING."
Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW.
"THE RISE OF THE CITY."
Reviewed by BERNARD DE VOTO.
"SOUTH MOON UNDER."
Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS.
"UNION SQUARE."
Reviewed by G. R. LEIGHTON.
"PUBLIC FACES."
Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD.
"BEAUREGARD."
Reviewed by EDWARD LAROQUE TINKER.
"MEMOIRS OF PRINCE BÜLOW."
Reviewed by WILLIAM L. LANGER.

Next Week, or Later

GARVIN'S "LIFE OF JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN."
Reviewed by WALLACE NOTESTEIN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Inaugural Parade

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Or does it?
How long ago was it
That Lincoln issued his proclamation
Guaranteeing emancipation
To all the slaves, whatever their breed,
Whatever their color, or race, or creed?
How long ago was it? How long—O Lord?

But here comes Garner, riding in a Ford!
John Nance Garner, from the land of cotton,
Now is the Man who is called "Forgotten."
(But cheer up, Jackie, and don't you cry,
Though lonely's the road that you must travel,
One can't live forever in the public eye—
So run on home and play with your gavel.)

The Ides of March are dank and chill
The Unknown Soldier's unknown still,
But stride on, brothers—on and on—
Up the slopes of Capitol hill.

And—*look—who's—here!*
Here comes Hearst!
Setting up a cheer for America First!
Setting up a sneer at the starving foreigner
(Let him pull his belt in another notch)
Old Uncle Sam is his own best coroner—
So bye, bye, brotherhood!
Hello, suicide!
Buy, Buy American—including Scotch!

And here comes Senator Hiram Johnson
Armed with a ladle to dish the gravy;
And several La Follettes from Wisconsin;
And Senator Hale for the Biggest Navy;
And here is Citizen Al Smith, toting
Purple scars from an ancient fight—
Grinning, we hope, the while he's quoting
Tilden's slogan: "I'd rather be right!"
Here's James A. Farley and James A. Foley;
Clarence True Wilson, and Picketts (Deets);
Privy Councillors Howe and Moley,
Figuring out the gate receipts;
Senators Watson, Smoot and Moses
Each adorned with a welcome "Ex-";
And here come Amazons, strewing roses—
The Sabine women, pride of their sex.

Give them a cheer for what they've done,

Another cheer from the crowded stand
For Oklahoma's Indian Band;
For Senators McAdoo, Walsh, and Norris;
Mayor O'Brien, quoting Horace;
Governors Ritchie, Lehman, Cross;
Sauce for the gander, apple sauce
For all the limping ducks that pass;
Governor Ely, Carter Glass;
Huey Long with galloping tongue;
Owen D. and Tammany Young;
Admiral Grayson, Major Domo;
Walter Lippmann, sapient homo;
Bishop Cannon, the Methodist Pope;
Bernard Baruch and Herbert Swope;
Eddie Dowling, Winfield Sheehan;
Many and many a European
Representing the world's emporia,
Looking about for moratoria,
Wondering what the new deal means . . .
Infantry, cavalry, tanks, marines. . . .

But where's the army of the unemployed?
One would think they'd be overjoyed
To join this pageant of renown—
These festive rites. . . .

But—hold!
Sit down!
Yes—meaning you!
Sit down in front!
Here come the bearers of the terrible brunt
One incoming—the other out-going.
Which is the luckier?
There's no way of knowing.
But though it's a hollow platitude
To speak of a nation's gratitude,
The mob today should be nothing loath
To offer plenty of same to both.

To you, Lord Hoover—we would mention things more relevant
To peace of mind than all their votes or vetoes;
There's climate that is bracing and benevolent
'Twixt Palo Alto's hills and Sausalito's,
Where one may calmly dwell, relieved of onus,
Watching in eastern skies the new Aurora—
Deaf to the shrill demands for Beer or Bonus—
Deaf—best of all!—to belchings out of Borah. . . .
So bless the vengeful voters who evicted you,
Discard the hairy shirt that has afflicted you,
And find the solace that detachment brings
To those who once were presidents and kings.
And you, Mr. Roosevelt—our nation-wide selection—
We know that smiles of confidence enwreath
Your cheering face. Each rotogravure section
Reveals that you have Cousin Teddy's teeth;
But are we sure that you have fixed your eyes on
A goal beyond the politician's ken?
Have you the will to reach the far horizon
Where rest the hopes of men?

We know not now, but as you gird your loins,
We'll think about the motto on our coins—
And leave the full solution of your mystery
To that relentless epic poet, History.

* * *

Thus ends the parade.
So gather 'round, pards,
The new deal is made:
The pot's on the table,
There's gold and there's hope in it.
Pick up your cards,
There's a game to be played—
Is anyone able
To open it?

Remembering, as you're betting, the exact
Terms of every covenant and pact—
Remembering all the little fears that probe
Into the heart of this bewildered globe—
Remembering all the howitzers and sabres
With which men show their feelings for their neighbors—
Knowing it's not yet over, over there—
Breathing, perhaps, one brief but timely prayer:
God save our planet!

Hard Luck Heroes

STUDIES IN SUBLIME FAILURE. By SHANE LESLIE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1933. $3.75.

Reviewed by CLARENCE DAY

GREAT failures are even more exciting than most great successes. This book has five such dramas in it. The heroes are Cardinal Newman; Parnell, "the uncrowned King of Ireland"; Coventry Patmore, the poet; Lord Curzon; and that likable and honest but unreliable crank, Moreton Frewen.

Here with the portraits. Some of his words smell of mothballs: "minglement," "cephalophorous," "papaverous," "illative." And he likes to say simple things in a glittering way. He is phrasey.

On the other hand he knows how to choose subjects. He is an artist at that. And he tells his five stories dramatically. There is plenty of fun and excitement.

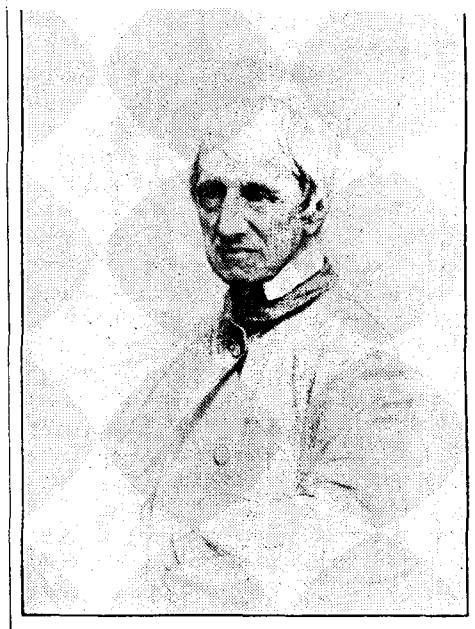
In the portrait of Cardinal Newman, he is not at his best. There is too much theology in it. Leslie has left a lot out, but he might have done more weeding still. He makes Newman's character, however, more interesting than ever. Newman was "wiry and ascetic," he says, and a grim and obstinate fighter. He was sentimental, fussy, and miserable. Also he burst into tears more than most men. In fact he cried quite a lot. But he wasn't hysterical. When he had a good cry, it cleared up his brain. It was like taking snuff.

Moreton Frewen packed his life higgledy-piggledy full of exploits and ventures. The more he traveled the more new ideas he got, and he suffered from each one like a sunstroke. Everywhere he went he lost money. He was a henchman of William Jennings Bryan, and a great advocate of bimetallism. He lived in the Far East, he bought mines; he worked for the freedom of Ireland. He had a ranch in Wyoming in the days when the West was a paradise for sportsmen, it was so full of game, and many of Frewen's English friends visited him for the shooting. Sir Maurice de Bunsen, however, stalked and shot, one day, Frewen's only milch cow, thinking it was a buffalo. It did look a bit thin for a buffalo, he said, but he was excited.

Most of Frewen's life, in spite of all his financial disappointments, seemed happy. He was always looking ahead, always hoping. And he had many friends. But his brain was too jiggetty. He was chock full of schemes to make money. If he had only gone a bit slow he might have had the fun at times of succeeding.

To be sure he had fun enough. But his friends and associates didn't. They suffered over and over in pocket, for he continually led them astray. He was so sincere, fluent, and plausible that they forgot he was wild-eyed. His nickname was *Mortal Ruin*. Even in projects where he might have made millions, he wasn't thorough—he didn't nail a deal down.

Lord Curzon was a mixture. He was humorous about himself, and he put up a manful fight every day of his life against pain. (Curvature of the spine.) But he was vain and conceited, and though he was in many ways a great man, he wasn't as great as he thought. The account of his attempts to handle Kitchener is as good



CARDINAL NEWMAN.

Coventry Patmore is treated with admiration and respect but fun too. Shane Leslie never is mean to him, but he doesn't deny he was comic. Patmore was very religious, and as a married man he was also fond of sexual intercourse. He tried to combine these two things. Leslie explains how he did it. But in all his explaining Leslie won't use the term "sexual intercourse." He calls it "the act of marriagehood," "the act of fruition between men and women," "the way of a man with a maid." Genteel fig-leaves.

The Marie Harriman Gallery announces the "Poésies" of Mallarmé, with thirty original etchings by Henri-Matisse, the whole done in the grand manner. There will be ninety-five copies on Arches paper at $400, twenty-five copies on Japanese vellum at $700, and five copies (with extra etchings and an original drawing) at $1,200. It is a bit difficult to reconcile such *objets d'art* with book publishing.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shaw the Black Girl

(*Continued from first page*)

Christian church and civilization is not what most readers would be inclined at this date to dally over in any form. The majority will certainly prefer a dialogue to an essay, and if a minority diverges, it will probably do so on the ground that the dialogue is only the familiar monologue broken up into speeches. For the historic paradox of Shaw may well prove to be that anyone so unwilling to hold his characters to authentic self-expression should ever have selected in the first place the medium of dramatic writing, for which such expression is the crime committed. After just a few words of these "Adventures" you find that the black girl is not a black girl but a bright and prankish white and older boy named Bernard with a gift of talk, and that this boy is all the other characters as well.

Here is a daughter of the wild who by merely learning to read the Bible is able to go about her inquisitions on the existing order like any old-time heckler among the Fabians. It is true that she has also observed the conduct of white settlers; but to offset this she has been in the hands of a lady missionary. She certainly did not learn rebellion against the universe from her. The lady missionary, flatteringly described in at least one particular as having run away from her lovers—such of them as have not already run away from her—disappears from the second page of the book and is never heard of after. But it was her work, and no wonder, which started the black girl off through the jungle to find a more likely God. An exhilarating contrast presents itself here between the Shaw reaction to the missionary mind and the Sylvia Townsend Warner handling of it in "Mr. Fortune's Maggot."

Plunging with her knobkerry, if you know what that is, through the African forest, the black girl (who is Bernard) meets and confounds Noah's God, Job's God, the young teacher Ecclesiastes, Micah the prophet, a scientist called myop to emphasize what he does not see, a Roman legionary—this incident is pretty bad—a Jew, an Arab, a wood carver, an Irish socialist, and an old man cultivating his garden (all of whom are Bernard). You can see the direction the talk would take, particularly when it comes to economic nationalism and blood sacrifice; the arraignment in the latter case ranges from vivisection, with the egregious token of a dog's saliva, to crucifixion and the categorical cross.

None of the figures consulted is competent to explain a missionary God. Nor, for that matter, any God. In the end what

ILLUSTRATION FROM "THE LITTLE BLACK GIRL."

Shaw calls "dirty water theology"—the failure of the church to throw out its less civilized teachings as more civilized ones trickle in—has proved too much for the black girl. When God, as is customary, is stated to be love, "she has to point out that love is not enough (like Edith Cavell making the same statement about patriotism), and that it is wiser to take Voltaire's advice by cultivating her garden and bringing up her pickaninnies"—nonchalantly consigned by Shaw to miscegenation through emergency use of the socialist Irishman—"than to spend her life imagining that she can find a complete explanation of the universe by laying about her with a knobkerry." Here is a conclusion as satirical, as unreasonably soothing, as a radio sign-off. Let us leave the philosopher compromising on and in his garden. Thank God for a garden. I'm very sure God walks in mine. *Il faut cultiver le jardin.* "The rest you had better leave to Him."

As you read these "Adventures" you do not wait for the mention of Voltaire to think of him. They order this matter of satire better in France. They order it better, as a matter of fact, in England.

"Why did you make the monkeys so ugly and the birds so pretty?"

"Why shouldn't I?" said the old gentleman. "Answer me that."

If Edward Dodson had gone along in this manner, whatever would have become of Alice, answer me that? There are other painful passages. That pun, "I am not a pickaninny nor even a grown up ninny." And that pun about going to the dogs.

But commonly the substance is finer, and there is always a prancing drive in the prose, a ringing clip to it. It is straightforward, and wilful, as in the letters to Ellen Terry. "Why not our mother?" demands the black girl, whose parental memories make the Father image most unwinning. " 'Well, let us drop the family. It is only a metaphor,' said the conjurer. 'It is a way of saying love one another: that is all. Love them that hate you. Bless them that curse you. Never forget that two blacks do not make a white.' "

The whole fantasia will confirm those who still find Shaw brightly destructive, and those who find him provocative only of the past. The detractors will point to the fanciful fifties, when the provincial preacher was wont to put his sermons in the form of Conversations with the Devil by way of keeping the congregation in its seat. If the congregation prefers a sermon straight, the essay is the stuff. Its case is brilliantly put. It gives the neatest successive portraits of the Biblical deity. It says that Micah "raised the conception of God to the highest point it has ever attained." It says that Paul is to blame not alone for founding the church, after Jesus "had allowed Peter to persuade him that he was the Messiah," but for founding it with reversion to the God of Noah. In fact, Jesus chose all his disciples "unwisely"; we are only just now beginning to rescue Christ's advanced thought "from the mess the apostles and their successors made of it." And it touches the Shaw hat to some of the rescue men, the modern translators of the Bible concerning whose reward Henry Mencken, acting on behalf of the poetry of the King James version, once asked if a hundred million centuries in hell would be enough. All told, the sermon is quite a superb one in the modern manner, but did Shaw really think its material was new? Many an orthodox mother would be glad to tell him that it is exactly what has been corrupting young Jack and Jill for years now over the radio on Sunday afternoons.

Rationalists who have early been Christians have as a rule some difficulty in dismissing the faith they have outgrown. It never quite lets them off the search for God. Rationalists who have never been Christians have a difficulty not unlike it. As the search for God becomes God, so does the same search dropped or unbegun. "Oh, that I knew where I might find Him!" Shaw has the black girl say in a speech kept free from sentiment, kept hard. More than once in reading the first part of her Adventures I found myself reflecting, How little trouble Handel had with all this. Later, in the essay, and this may be a point of test for the two-part method, there was Shaw explicitly talking of the Messiah. No, it will probably not be done better than Handel did it,—"If with all your hearts ye truly seek me, ye shall ever surely find me,"—lending to the more than mortal imagining of these words the incontrovertible affirmation of music. Against it can be brought no more than the force of a line, Shaw's own and in this book—English prose that has its root in the soil of Malory: "God be with you if you can find Him. He is not with me."

We have called this a conservative book. It has, however, a revolutionary phase, and we are determined to say what that is. As to current modes of punctuation in English, about all anyone can do is what the matchless Fowler calls "welter in the existing chaos." Yesterday I recoiled from a volume of American short stories because they were flea-bitten with commas. Today in this British text of Shaw's no comma can be found fore or aft the quotation mark, and again comes the recoil.

"Before you go" said the black girl "tell me. . ."

"Stuff, girl" said the lady. . .

"Hi! you there" cried one of the ladies.

Yet compare these:

"And your wives?" . . .

"Pooh!" said the sculptor. . .

We protest the granting of punctuation to Pooh and wives and denying it to go just because go rates a comma. What

ILLUSTRATION FROM "THE LITTLE BLACK GIRL."

have commas committed against the direct discourse of Shaw that he should order what must have been a frantic compositor to yank them all out? No, really, this will not do. To the eye in pain from these ragged spaces the horrid image comes of an old man who has his tongue in his cheek merely to avoid catching it in his gums.

There is also the resurrection of the colon, monumentally reinterred about two years ago by Pearl Buck, who leaves out commas everywhere except where Mr. Shaw does. Mrs. Buck thrust the colon away from its only indispensable place—the place where a sentence is about to conclude with direct discourse, and the author wishes the quoted part to carry down into a separate paragraph—and with utmost strangeness used a comma instead. It was one of the ten thousand times ten thousand commas which people say she never puts in where they belong. The Buck comma in or out was disturbing, but it was also the right stop to pull, in the same sense that it was said of Henry James that "his prose, chanted to his punctuation, would serve as well as a mass in D major." There is no such rhythmic urge in the adoration of the colon, and even of the semicolon, by Mr. Shaw, who interrupts the swiftest of journalistic prose to punctuate a man who is merely being spoken to as if he were being corresponded with. "Doctor: will you see to poor Miss Fitzjones' cerebellum?" And this in a context of such advanced orthography as couldnt, havnt, cant, dont.

So what is the question?

"The question is," said Alice, "whether you *can* make punctuation (*sic*) mean different things."

"The question is," said Humpty Dumpty, "which is to be master—that's all."

Maybe what literature needs is more books that nothing but punctuation is the matter with. Then we could all concentrate and watch it improve.

From the press of Helen Gentry, San Francisco, comes a small nicely printed reprint of H. L. Koopman's "Exceptions to the Rule of Legibility," which first appeared in the *Printing Art*.

A Many-sided Genius

BERNARD SHAW: Playboy and Prophet. By ARCHIBALD HENDERSON. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1932. $7.50.

Reviewed by TEMPLE SCOTT

PROFESSOR HENDERSON is to be congratulated on his accomplishment of this, his second and up-to-date, panoramic presentation of the life and literary adventures of Bernard Shaw. With a truly Boswellian devotion to his hero he dedicated himself to this task for twenty-five years, and now that the task is done, he may well say that it is well done. He has been ably assisted in his work by Bernard Shaw himself, so that this "authorized" biography may, in some parts, be read as autobiography. But Professor Henderson has so deftly embodied the material Shaw contributed that the flow of the diverting tale, so far from being interrupted, is made more sportive and lively. Shaw can be safely trusted to see to that. We have but one small fault to find with the narrative—it overlaps and backwaters in several chapters; for in dealing with Shaw as socialist and dramatist Dr. Henderson, at times, tells the same story twice, and these sections read as if they had been taken from essays written unrelated to the biography itself and then inserted in it without the joints being carefully soldered.

We now have an amply documented and authorized biography of Bernard Shaw in all the activities of his many-sided genius—as novelist, musical and dramatic critic, as economist, socialist, dramatist, humanitarian, and philosopher. We can now accompany him in his career from his boyhood and nonage to his manhood and fully ripened old age, and we are permitted to draw our own conclusions, for Dr. Henderson wisely refrains from drawing any of his own. It is true he frankly acknowledges his devout reverence for Shaw, but such devotion is a purely personal expression, and he does not impose it on his readers in set terms. He refrains from any critical estimate, since his evident purpose, in writing this biography was to present a colorful picture of a living man in whom the world is curiously interested and whom it has taken no little delight to acclaim and honor.

Dr. Henderson, in his portrayal of Shaw, has attempted to paint a composite portrait of a "playboy and prophet"—a conjunction of personalities certain to arouse the curiosity of the general reader. The playboy, or the jester, stands out in this portrait in all the attractive colors natural to the subject, and we see Shaw in every play of his consummate wit, humor, satire, and irony. But the prophet is veiled and indistinct. It would seem as if Dr. Henderson had used up all the attractive colors on his palette on the playboy. Yet there has been a prophet, for his voice was once quite distinctly heard, even if it reached us as one crying in the wilderness. The disciple of Ibsen, Henry George, and Karl Marx and the Fabian Socialist made no little stir at one time. What has become of him? The question is not an impertinent one, and it is quite probable that a future historian of Shaw and his age will also ask it, and perhaps answer it in terms of a denial of the prophet's assumption. For a prophet is one who is consumed by one idea, and Shaw is a man of many ideas.

A prophet is an idealist and so is Shaw, but Shaw's idealism is affected by the creative artist in him which compels him to dramatize his ideas rather than to realize them. A prophet is so impassioned by his one idea that he is ready to lose the whole world for it. Shaw is also impassioned, but his passion is for the play of his many ideas, and in this he has been so successful that instead of losing the whole world he has gained it. In gaining the world the prophet has disappeared, possibly he has been translated into the heaven of English respectability as were his Fabian friends of the late English Labor Government. But the incomparable man of letters is still with us, and we shall perhaps more properly appreciate this highly gifted being if we refrain from a worship of him "this side idolatry" and enjoy the diversely enchanting art with which he has reflected the life of his period.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Everyman's Mentality

HABITS: THEIR MAKING AND UNMAKING. By KNIGHT DUNLAP. New York: Horace Liveright. 1932. $3.

Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW

DESPITE the seven-inch poster type on the blurb and the intriguing promise of the subtitle, this is not a book for the everyday man with no other interest in habits than to get rid of bad ones, and the hope of acquiring better ones. It is not focally a book on habits, but on learning and unlearning. The issue of that process may frequently pass muster as a habit in the ordinary sense. The volume conducts a penetrating search for the right analytic approach to everyman's mental equipment. Professor Dunlap is fearlessly independent. He is as undaunted by accredited positions as unimpressed by pretentious innovations.

The core of his position is this: that the entire cluster of basic efficiencies—reflexes, urges, instincts, habits, behavior, memory, adjustment responses, behavior patterns generally—need redefining. We, the experimental moderns, have uncritically accepted the old bottled concepts of a previous vintage of psychology and tried to pour into them new corrective wines to increase their validity content. Changing the figure, we must dig deeper for new foundations. Under the new insight the older notions fall. Practice is of less consequence than the will to improve. Learning is trying, and what we mostly learn by experience is how to learn. Remembering is rather less important than forgetting. The efficient man is a wise forgetter. The technique of dismissal is more evasive and difficult than that of acquisition. Memory is a misleading blanket term; retaining, recalling, and relearning are the more real, more definite processes; and they proceed differently, are differently applied, differently useful. The problem is often by what technique to acquire. The transfer of skill from one order of learning is uncertain and exceptional enough to discredit many prevalent educational practices. The transfer of findings from animal to human psychology is far more likely to mislead than to enlighten.

For one type of habit breaking Dr. Dunlap presents a paradoxical thesis. If you stutter unintentionally, stutter intentionally, and it will relieve the impediment; if you tend to write *hte* for *the*, do it deliberately, and you will get rid of the bad habit. Let nail-biting children be required to bite nails under supervision at stated periods, and they will be quickly but not miraculously cured. The rationale of the process conforms to the standard procedures of habit formation. In other situations negative practice is efficient. For another type of learning the rule is learn quickly and intensely, and forget it. Perseverance is valuable; but digging at the roots and constant self-examination is not.

The bases of these conclusions are technical findings and analyses; the reader on counsel bent will have to dig for it through pages of analysis rather over his head. For the student with an established interest in the mental mechanisms, this handbook will prove a stimulus to a remapping of his intellectual assets.

It is also far more than a book on habit. It includes besides knowledges and skills, personal and social adjustments and subjects them to the same close scrutiny. It clarifies the distinction between normal and abnormal; it sets in order the two adjustive processes: shaping the organism to the environment and the environment to the organism. It includes the emotional responses, defending the thesis that in emotion when of complicated status, as it mostly is, the intellectual content of the emotion determines its total set and value. Intelligence rating depends for its value—and that includes the vexed questions of I.Q.-ology—upon the goal to which it is a qualification. The reader who has the habit of perseverance will have it tested by this exacting survey.

A film version is being made in England of H. G. Wells's "The War of the Worlds." Wells's son, Frank Wells, is one of the producers.

CITY DWELLERS IN THE SUBWAY.
From a painting by Reginald Marsh (Whitney Museum of American Art).

American Life

THE RISE OF THE CITY. By ARTHUR MEIER SCHLESINGER. Vol. X in A History of American Life. Edited by A. M. SCHLESINGER and DIXON RYAN FOX. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1933. $4.

Reviewed by BERNARD DE VOTO

SINCE the appearance of the first volume it has been obvious that the "History of American Life" is the most ambitious undertaking of this generation in American historiography. With the appearance of Professor Schlesinger's volume, eight of the contemplated twelve monographs are available and it is not premature to say that the achievement of the series is fully commensurate with its ambition. It marks, of course, the triumph of the "social historians," who even fifteen years ago were hardly thought respectable by the union and, when tolerated, were regarded as superficial, trivial, or even frivolous. By now most of their opponents have quietly revised their own texts to take in the findings of the frivolous—Professor Abbott may still assert that it is something less than history, but most historians have become social historians. And with good reason. Far from being superficial, social history has developed and applied the most profound method of analysis ever brought to bear on the American past. In doing so it has created the pattern which the writing of history will take for at least a generation. A statement of its results is made available in the "History of American Life" and, if the opinion of a layman is worth anything, this series is the most illuminating and the most valuable general history of America ever written.

Mr. Schlesinger's book takes up the analysis in 1878, where Mr. Nevins's "Emergence of Modern America" left off, and carries it forward for twenty years. It does not, however, cover the economic aspects of those two decades, which are to be treated by Miss Tarbell in the announced but as yet unscheduled Volume IX. The omission is at first something of a shock—it is not "Hamlet" without the prince, but it is certainly "Uncle Tom's Cabin" with Legree left out. The renunciation of Legree probably accounts for the feeling of encouragement with which the book leaves a reader in this most painful winter of our national existence—or at least since the winter of '57, or '62, or '74, or '93. Mr. Schlesinger is probably no more optimistic than the next one, but his narrative covers such an astonishing and unpredictable advance in civilization, such an endless series of problems somehow solved, or partly solved, and dangers somehow averted, or partly averted, that the reader irrationally projects the line into the future. This is not to say that Mr. Schlesinger is ever unaware of Legree. The trusts, the mills, the technocrats, the racketeers, the concentration of privilege are a constant off-stage presence; he is concerned with them as conditions of the developing nation but treats them only in sociological terms.

The two decades have long been the posted ground of literary critics and that singular group of ecstatic men who explain the American soul. Mr. Schlesinger's book performs the usual surgery of facts on daydreams. He has not bothered to overturn the theories of writers who derived their information from generous heartbeats or from gazing at their navels; he has only set forth the facts they neglected to look for. If I seem to emphasize this aspect of a many-sided book, it is because the point is important. The picture of these years as barren, the national imagination as corrupted or frustrated, the national genius working for base ends, the land abandoned to every imaginable ignobility and exploitation and corruption—that picture has become too easily an article of faith for the intellectuals, and they owe it to earnest and high-minded men who wrote books without bothering to find out what they were talking about. By an impersonal substitution of history for emotion, Mr. Schlesinger, without alluding to them, has annihilated a good many books about his period, among them some of the most influential of our time. It will be pleasant if biographers, critics, and propagandists whose themes impinge on the eighties and nineties will hereafter read his book before beginning theirs. It will be pleasanter still if they will learn from it where their material is to be found. Pleasant but unlikely.

Mr. Schlesinger is more fortunate than his predecessors in the series in that his period more completely than theirs permits of a single orienting principle, the one that finds expression in his title. Even his two preliminary topics, the new South and the dying West, hinge on the irrevocably changing organization that accompanied the shift to Megalopolitan society. Following that prelude, the theme is sounded in two further chapters which brilliantly compress and orient a staggering amount of information drawn from an enormous variety of sources, many of them never before consulted in treatments of this period. (They are accompanied, on page 76, by one of the most amusing maps ever drawn.) This statement is so complete that it serves to interpret the specialized discussions that follow. We are shown the altering emphases and relationships in sociology, culture, government, and industry that resulted, some of them predictably, more of them unpredictably, from the new alignments and the new forces.

The relationships established are relationships of mutual dependence. Women for instance: the metropolis which lessened the housewife's toil, increased her social contacts and opened to her new occupations and new opportunities for self-development, in doing so also created new possibilities of exploitation and vice, altered the relationship of the sexes and the structure of family life, and drastically modified the folkways of the nation. This recognition of mutual dependence is by far the most important advance which social history has made over its predecessors—the simple causal analysis of the political and economic historians would appear to be overthrown for good. Mr. Schlesinger's use of it in the chapters which deal with education, religion, and politics is illuminating and very valuable, but, I think, he employs it most brilliantly in his treatment of humanitarian experiment and reform and of the period's most impressive aspects, the renaissance in art, literature, and taste, and the advance in science, scholarship, engineering, and invention. The four chapters which deal with these matters have a value that a study of the topics in criticism or in academic history could not possibly have. They rest on a base so broad that they utilize the whole American culture. They are a study in interpenetration. If this is not a truthful representation of American life of the period, then it is impossible to make one.

Inaugural

(*Continued from first page*)

both power and time to work toward a solution—time in which, among other things, errors can be made without irretrievable consequences. What everyone, even the destitute and broken, even the intellectuals, can contribute to this inauguration, is hope. There is no real hope in those who talk of fascist or communist distatorships because they cannot face the slow trial and error of democracy. There is no real hope in those who wish the new administration to play safe, measuring it by the things it does not do, for this boil on the neck of civilization will never disappear without some lancing. But the realist knows that man has skidded around dangerous corners before this and come down upon four wheels at last.

The particular vice of intellectuals is defeatism, which comes sometimes from being too imaginative, and sometimes from being too logical. Defeatism is always dangerous. At the beginning of a new government, at the first shuffle and the first deal, it is worse than dangerous, it is stupid.

Fifteen radio programs by leading members of the legal profession under the auspices of the National Advisory Council on Radio in Education have been arranged by the American Bar Association. They are to be broadcast on Sunday evenings, beginning April 30. They will deal with the lawyer's part in legal reform and in legislation, and also with his relations to the court and to the layman. The subject of the law's delay and what the profession is doing about it will be fully discussed, as well as the efforts which are being made to improve the personnel of the bar. These broadcasts will be of non-technical nature, and are designed to interest both the lawyer and the ordinary citizen. The American Bar Association is presenting this series of broadcasts with the purpose of informing the individual who has little contact with the legal profession concerning what lawyers as a group are trying to do to improve the administration of justice.

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.....*Editor*
NOBLE A. CATHCART.....*Publisher*
AMY LOVEMAN.....*Managing Editor*
WILLIAM ROSE BENET, CHRISTOPHER MORLEY } *Contributing Editors*

Published weekly by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

Subscription rates per year, postpaid in the U. S. and Pan-American Postal Union, $3.50; in Canada, $5; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere $4.50. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 9. No. 33.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

Copyright, 1933, Saturday Review Co., Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Scrub Folk

SOUTH MOON UNDER. By MARJORIE KINNAN RAWLINGS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

NOT the South moon lost under the earth but still darkly potent, nor the drama of men and persistent fear make Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings's new novel the splendid book that it is. She has written a vigorous story of murder and hiding, but, better than that, she has drawn in terms as lush and slow as the scrub grows a country and a people fresh in literature and rich in reality.

Her country, the Florida scrub of high pines and impenetrable stunted oak and myrtle rising from infertile sands and the surrounding tropical swamp of twisting water and bright flowers and bell-bottomed cypresses, is new in print, but the same implications of life in isolation lie in its tangle that have been drawn upon in the numerous stories of the coves and hollows of the Southern mountains. Her people, the Lantrys and Jacklins of the scrub and their piney woods kin, are related to the tradition of Southern and mountain whites who have been drawn in terms as diverse as dripping sentimentality and stark degeneracy. Mrs. Rawlings escapes both. In drawing her country and her Lantrys she has looked at the inhospitable earth and found it full of strangeness and beauty, and at the men and women of an old breed and seen in them dignity and the instinct that life, hard as it may be, is good. Also, and more profoundly, she has given her people an absolute integrity with their earth.

Her story is simple and familiar. Like the beginning of a circle of fate she begins with the Lantry who comes, driven by hidden fear, from the murder of a revenue officer in the Carolina mountains to the piney woods of Florida. The same fear drives him to the scrub where his brood, born of a querulous piney woods wife, takes root in the thin soil. They breed and die, plant and root and go back into the more profitable and more precarious business of making whiskey. The book ends with the first Lantry's grandson driven by the same fear after murder that made his grandfather a hunted man all his days. But behind him, as behind his grandfather, lies the scrub, impenetrable, inhospitable, but the way of escape and the symbol of hope for a man hunted.

This story Mrs. Rawlings has written well, but it is not her chief preoccupation. Chiefly she is interested in drawing the scrub and the people who live in it. She presses neither the country nor the people to the service of her plot. Slowly and with fine detail she has drawn the three generations of Lantrys who are the chief figures of the book, the great red-bearded grandfather, his daughter, Piety, who, of all his children, embodied his integrity and his spirit; and her son, Lantry Jacklin, the true child and man of the scrub.

For these and around them, Mrs. Rawlings has created a world. She lingers as lovingly over the intimate details of their lives and the hard struggle for existence as she does over deer prancing in the moonlight or pale orchid water hyacinths blooming beside young Lant's loaded raft. In a sense the three generations represent not only a return of fate but also stages of acclimatization to the scrub. For Lantry, entry into the scrub is a step deliberately made; Piety grows into womanhood there; but the boy, Lant, born there, is a part of it. He knows all the craft of the savage in the forest, the ways of plants and beasts and fish, how to wring subsistence from its apparent forbiddingness. He learns from an old native all the secrets that a man can know of it, and with a half wit who is always berating "dat ol' Desus Chwist" he floats the valuable sunken cypress logs to market. Also he learns the lucrative but dangerous business, for which the secretive country seems almost created, of illicit distilling. The scrub is his life, and if it leads him to the murder of his cousin after that cousin has broken the prime moral of loyalty, it also brings to him the love of a woman as tenacious, as overwhelming, and as simple as the scrub itself.

In drawing her characters Mrs. Rawlings has enlivened them with a strong masculine humor, racy and native. Neither in tragedy nor in fun is there any false note of primness about her people. Piety's conversation with the old country doctor about the hookworm and Lant's embarrassment when his piney woods girl comes to visit and his mother recalls his lazy postponement of building a back house are incidents from which Mrs. Rawlings draws stout laughter. More excitingly amusing is the treatment of the outlander who came and committed the crime of fencing his land. Mrs. Rawlings has not loaded her story with folk verse, but the few she quotes are excellent, as the mock blessing offered at the fence raising:

> Good God, with a bounty
> Look down on Marion county,
> For the soil is so pore, and so awful rooty, too,
> I don't know what to God the pore folks gonna do.

Readers will welcome the freshness of Mrs. Rawlings's scene, but it is not mere new scene that gives her book its great distinction. What makes it one of the really fine books of the year is that the scene and the characters are drawn with a richness and vigor which makes them wholly alive. It is a book full of life, and of insistence that life with "love and lust, hate and friendship, grief and frolicking, even birthing and dying" is a choice thing. Out of that insistence in these simple people grows dignity and integrity and a strength equal to the irresistible growth of the scrub itself.

A Pioneer Idyll

LET THE HURRICANE ROAR. By ROSE WILDER LANE. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1933. $1.50.

PIONEER life on the plains had many facets in reality; it is taking on an equal number in fiction. It could be adventurous, it could be appallingly monotonous; it could be grim and harsh, it could be prosperous and happy. From Howe's labored and depressing "Story of a Country Town" to William Allen White's essentially optimistic and forward-looking tales of settlement, change, and growth is a long step, but the actual life of Kansas offered greater contrasts still. Generalizations about the West—about even small parts of it, in even limited periods of time—should be discouraged. As yet our most effective treatment of this region is offered not by history, but by fiction. This treatment, it is pleasant to note, is marked by a vivid sense of the variety of frontier conditions, the striking vicissitudes of life in the early Western days, the wide range of human types. A great deal of it, moreover, is expertly done.

JACKET DESIGN FOR "LET THE HURRICANE ROAR."

Mrs. Lane has a title to expertness in the field, for she was born of pioneer parents in Dakota Territory; she writes today from a farm in the Ozarks. Her view of pioneer existence is doubtless complex, but the intention of this short novel could not be more clear-cut or firm. It is the idyllic side of pioneering that interests her. Hardships, poverty, danger are taken in the stride of a devoted young husband and the eager trip of a devoted young wife, their eyes fixed on the future. Their misadventures may be terrible enough for the moment and for the individual, but these two people do not live for the moment and for themselves. They live for each other and for their vision of a snug farm, a bright, well-furnished farmhouse, a cultivated and growing community. "Let the hurricane roar" over their dugout cabin for one winter; in the years to come they will look back on these hard days with happiness. The story is an idyll lived amid sun, grasshoppers, blizzards, wolves, with hay for fuel and no money in the stocking—but an idyll none the less.

It is a tale as simple as it is brief, but it contains felicitous touches. Charles and Caroline move to the plains a year in advance of the railroad; they take up land twenty miles from the Land Office; they sow wheat, make themselves happy inside the sod walls under the wild plum trees, accumulate a little lumber, and wait for the baby that comes into the world without the aid of even a friendly neighbor-woman. When the grasshoppers wipe out the wheat, Charles goes away to earn some money for winter. He breaks his leg, and the young mother resolves to winter it alone on the claim. There is nothing else to do, for the pioneer town to which she drives looking for aid is frigidly inhospitable. Labor and peril enough come in the next weeks, but the reader has a comfortable feeling that before they become unendurable, Charles will return. Terrible enough at times, the savage winter does not seem so to the girl. As she writes her husband, in a letter he never got: "It has never been easy to build up a country, but how much easier it is for us, with such great comforts and conveniences, kerosene, cookstoves, and even railroads and fast posts, than it was for our forefathers." So it was—and so many pioneers of the seventies really thought.

It is a pleasing story; many readers will call it delightful. But it is not impressive. We have been taught to look for more graphic and incisive studies of Western life, more feeling and individuality than Mrs. Lane gets into her book. Her tale is modest enough in its proportions, and as compared with the more elaborate works of Rolvaag, Herbert Quick, and others it seems slight. But it is not more modest in design, more slight in scope, than some stories of Willa Cather or Hamlin Garland which make a far more powerful impression. Somehow it creates neither a definite locality nor individual characters. Nor is there the swift, true description which marked Hamlin Garland's work before sentimentality overtook him. When we have said that it is a pleasing story, we have said everything.

The Saturday Review Recommends

This Group of Current Books:

ADVENTURES OF THE BLACK GIRL IN SEARCH OF HER GOD. By BERNARD SHAW. *Dodd, Mead.*
An allegory enunciating Shaw's theories on the Deity.

SOUTH MOON UNDER. By MARJORIE KENNAN RAWLINGS. *Scribner's.*
A tale of the Florida scrub country.

REVOLUTION 1776. By JOHN HYDE PRESTON. *Harcourt, Brace.*
A vivid and vigorous chronicle of historical events.

THE LIFE OF EMERSON. By VAN WYCK BROOKS. *Dutton.*
An analytical biography.

Brought to Life

UNION SQUARE. By ALBERT HALPER. New York: The Viking Press. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by G. R. LEIGHTON

MR. HALPER'S tale is an attempt to bring to life a section of a great city. The attempt is successful. The scene of the novel is that part of New York bounded on the north by Seventeenth Street and Union Square, on the west by Fifth Avenue, on the south by Astor Place, and on the east by Third Avenue and the elevated tracks. In these few blocks and along Fourteenth Street mingle shopgirls, gimcrack merchants, shoeblacks, sandwichmen, Communists both real and imitation, slaves of the all powerful Consolidated Gas, good, bad, and indifferent artists and authors, and representatives of most of the races of the earth. Out of this crowd of people Mr. Halper has selected his characters — a gone-to-seed radical poet and his girl, a thick-witted warehouse worker with his wife and children, a tired and rather pathetic business man who keeps an ex-night club wench, a communist artist, and so on. The lives of these people are picked up one by one to be drawn together in a communist riot in the Square and a tenement house fire.

ALBERT HALPER.
Photo by Eugene Friduss.

The extraordinary thing about this novel is that the author, most of the time, has been willing to let his characters alone. Save for the riot and the fire at the end, there are no big scenes. The story is continuously interesting and without benefit of heroines, fervent dialogue, new dawn, or Red Sunrise. The result is that very quietly and deliberately the author delivers a powerful punch. Some of the people are dull, but they are dull in their way and not the author's; some are rebellious, some are disappointed, some are naive but they are all very real in the exhibition of these characteristics. Seldom is the hand of the potter visible.

The scene is as convincing as the characters. No one who knows Union Square or who has lived in the neighborhood will fail to recognize it. The smell and sound, and feel of the Square are all there. How exactly "the thin piercing point of the gigantic flag pole which stood like a tremendous carpet tack in the center of the square," describes the war memorial. Mr. Feibelman, the chestnut vendor, and Grandma Volga, the pretzel seller, who fight for places at the head of the subway stairs are both done to the life. There are many of these minor characters and with them the author contrives to achieve a remarkable effect. The principal figures merge with the lesser ones, the lesser ones fade imperceptibly into the crowd, and the crowd is swallowed up in the Square. The title thus becomes an accurate description of the book itself; it is Union Square brought to life.

That the book has weaknesses it would be idle to deny, but they are not of much account when put beside its strength. Prophecy is a poor business. But it is a fair guess that "Union Square" will not be completely down and out by 1934.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In 1938

PUBLIC FACES. By HAROLD NICOLSON. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

MR. NICOLSON'S "Portrait of a Diplomatist" remains in my mind as one of the dozen ranking English biographies of the last decade: the brilliant fact of that book has now been subdued to the twilight of conjecture. It is difficult to say whether the fantasy in "Public Faces" is too satiric, or the satire too fantastic; whether the first is too close, or the second too remote; but it is certain that the novel as a whole is not quite successful.

Mr. Nicolson's plot controls his characters, where it should serve them—simply because Mr. Nicolson has had to create an intricate world crisis out of thin air, and then find some characters sufficiently accommodating to fit into it. I wonder whether good satire could ever be achieved in this way—certainly good satirical fiction cannot: as you may discover in "Public Faces," whose characters sometimes rebel against the mechanical design which imprisons them—effectively enough to disturb the reader, but not effectively enough to save the novel.

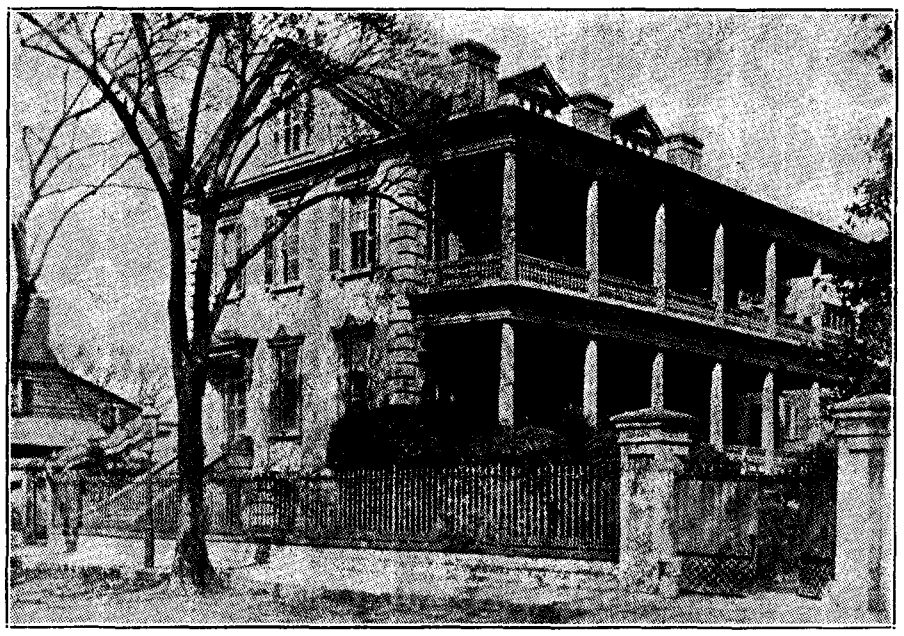
It is 1938, and England has acquired the controlling interest in some Persian territory, where a mineral alloy has been discovered; from this alloy can be made a new rocket aeroplane and a new atomic bomb of enormous destructive possibilities. While the Liberal Government then in power attempts to compromise with its conscience and its ambitions, the other world powers plot to deprive England of her monopoly; and Persia becomes the centre of an intrigue which seems bound to end in world war. As the situation grows more difficult and more dangerous so—in the Foreign Office at London, in Cabinet meetings at Chequers, over the various diplomatic luncheon tables, in Paris, Berlin, Teheran—we see with what knowing, what fearful, what cunning airs the world can be hustled into catastrophe.

But in this maze of his own creation, Mr. Nicolson's satire is lost. In vain the diplomats strut for us; in vain the British Air Minister disobeys his orders; in vain, with each successive crisis, the Cabinet assumes its humorous attitudes—even to the hilarity of its last meeting we can only summon an uncertain grin. The whole thing is too clever by half, and too mechanical; all that holds us is the crispness of Mr. Nicolson's narrative, the wealth of Mr. Nicolson's knowledge, and the rare moments when his characters rebel against their parts.

While some of these characters — M. Cocquebert, M. Boursicaut, Herr Kleinroth, Mr. Hans P. Scholle—are witness to their maker's insularity; while Jane Campbell, the erudite heroine, can only have been created out of the same irritation which she inspires in her reader (and satire is not irritable), yet in Walter Bullinger, the Home Secretary, there gleams

HAROLD NICOLSON.

a Jack o' the Lantern wit, eccentric and fitful, which throws some light upon Mr. Nicolson's future as a novelist. He could achieve a really malicious novel of manners. I hope he will do it for us soon.



BEAUREGARD'S HEADQUARTERS IN CHARLESTON.

A Minor Hero

BEAUREGARD, THE GREAT CREOLE. By HAMILTON BASSO. NewYork: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1933. $3.50.

Reviewed by EDWARD LAROCQUE TINKER

ALTHOUGH Lincoln, Lee, Grant, and most of the great personalities of their days have been revalued in print again and again in recent years there still remain untouched, especially on the Southern side, many of the lesser lights of the time to be resurrected, pieced together from old letters and books, and assayed for literary values. Not the least picturesque of these minor heroes was Pierre Gustave Toutant-Beauregard, who fired at Fort Sumter the shot which ignited the Civil War. He was an interesting variant from the other Confederate generals and was separated from them both by birth and education. They were Anglo-Saxons, while he was born in New Orleans of French and Italian blood, and educated in the New York school of the brothers Peugnet, veteran officers of Napoleon, who grounded him so thoroughly in the "Little Corporal's campaigns that it forever afterward colored all his ideas of military science. Even his four years at West Point were powerless to change this. Two of his actions in later life, his connection with the Louisiana Lottery, and his bitter attack in print upon the ex-president of the Confederacy, made him generally unpopular and so dimned his renown that he was overlooked in the later scramble for literary subjects.

That his life presented an almost virgin page for the biographical pen was a further reason for his choice by Mr. Basso, who, in his "Beauregard, the Great Creole," has given a brilliant picture of the tragedy of this small, humorless man with the insatiable ambition of a Napoleon and the suave, haughty manners of a Creole. He shows him as he played his part in the great theatre of the Civil War, immaculately uniformed, always courageous, and sometimes acting with the classical panache of a soldier of the Empire; as when, at Manassas, he seized the colors of a faltering regiment and led the charge with the cry, "Soldiers! Onward! For victory and glory!"

In a vivid, energetic, staccato style which never slackens its pace and is well suited to the quick surprises of marching men, defending and attacking, the author follows the General in his further victories which aroused the jealousy of Jefferson Davis, the president of the Confederacy, who, since his one minor military success in Mexico, fancied himself a tactical genius. The jealous president's hatred of the succesful general grew and descended to pettiness. Beauregard was denied the men, food, and supplies he needed, and complained bitterly that he was being strangled with red tape. Finally he was relieved of command at the front and relegated to Charleston, where he had his last piece of good luck. Instead of rusting in oblivion he broke the blockade of the port by his engineering skill and tireless industry. Again, to Davis's chagrin, he became a hero and received the plaudits of the Confederacy.

When the war ended it found Beauregard occupying a secondary post and smarting under injustices. With a Mexican dollar and fifteen cents in his pocket he gathered his staff and started his long ride home from North Carolina. He took along an army wagon loaded with nails, thread, tobacco, and sundries, to exchange for food on the journey. His wife had died the year before, so he returned to an empty house in a ruined city. It is hard for military idols, after their great victories, to preserve their glory and go on living, because few can be heroes more than once in a lifetime. A prolonged existence only becomes an anti-climax, just one long opportunity to do foolish human acts to mar the impression made on the world. This was certainly the case with Beauregard when, driven by his necessities, the hero of the Confederacy consented for $10,000 a year to preside with General Jubal Early over the drawings of the Louisiana Lottery and sit on one side of the stage as the huge glass drum churned up its myriad encapsuled numbers before an audience of blacks and whites, well-born and lowly, pimps and prostitutes, cooks and roustabouts.

Beauregard's biography tells a tragic absorbing story, with sympathetic understanding and perfect fairmindedness as far as the sectional animosities are concerned; but one wonders whether Mr. Basso's enthusiasm for his hero has not made him come out rather better than he deserved in his controversy with Jefferson Davis. On the other hand, General Longstreet materially substantiates the author's opinion, for he said: "Mr. Davis, as a failure, is the marked success of the nineteenth century."

However that may be, "Beauregard, the Great Creole" is a sound, fine, interesting book, especially for a first one.

Early Years

MEMOIRS OF PRINCE BÜLOW. Volume IV. Translated by GEOFFREY DUNLOP and F. A. VOIGT. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1932. $5.

Reviewed by WILLIAM L. LANGER
Harvard University

WHEN, in the quiet of his last years, Prince Bülow sat down in his Roman villa to write the memoirs of a long and eventful career he did not know whether he would ever be able to finish them. He therefore began the first volume with the story of his appointment as minister for foreign affairs in 1897, and in the second continued the narrative through the first Moroccan crisis and the Bosnian annexation affair of 1908 to his resignation in 1909. The third volume was devoted to reflections on the work of his successor, the outbreak of the war, his mission to Rome in 1915, and his views of the overturn in 1918-1919. Having gotten over the most important period of his life and political activity Prince Bülow went back and wrote this fourth volume, dealing with his youth and therefore chronologically the first of the series.

What will strike the reader of the earlier volumes most forcefully when he comes to this one is the general tone of the story. In telling of his formative years the former chancellor has nothing to apologize for and has no enemies to combat. The polemical tone is lacking and the rancor that seared the pages of the other volumes is quite absent. The story is pleasant and free-flowing, frequently lively, and always well-told.

Bülow was a scion of one of the oldest and most famous of North German families. His ancestors for centuries had served Danish and German courts in military and civil posts, and at the time of Bernhard's birth his father was Danish minister to the German Diet which sat at Frankfurt. Bülow devotes many chapters to the discussion of his family history, to the explanation of complicated relationships, and to the anecdotal side of early recollections. To the bourgeois layman who can boast no long line of distinguished forebears and can point to no generals or ministers in his family tree the somewhat long-winded catalogue of grandfathers, grandmothers, uncles, and aunts is apt to prove both confusing and wearisome. Prince Bülow, whatever else may be said of him, was rarely tedious, and one strongly suspects that this emphasis upon family is meant to point a moral: the former chancellor wants to impress upon the present impious generation the fact that the old Prussian nobility was not a futile group of *fainéants,* but that it filled a very real and important place in the service of the state. The same thoughts are called forth by the reading of the very detailed account of Bülow's service as a lieutenant in the Franco-German war.

But I must not give the impression that the volume is a dull one. Apart from the sections just mentioned it is full of charm and human interest. Bülow draws a most attractive picture of the simple and homely life of mid-century Germany. His father's Prussian colleague at Frankfurt was no other than Otto von Bismarck-Schönhausen, at that time just emerging from obscurity and just on the first rungs of the ladder that was to take him to the pinnacle of international greatness. We get from the memoirs some interesting sidelights on the great man, who, throughout most of his life remained a benevolent patron of the Bülows. Young Bernhard received the excellent education offered by Germany in that day, with all the emphasis on the classics that made possible in later life the easy quotation of Greek and Latin. It was almost inevitable that he should enter the diplomatic service, the more so as his father had transferred his activities from Denmark to Mecklenburg and then to Prussia. Like all young diplomats Bülow was moved around a good deal. There was work in the foreign office, and then in Rome, St. Petersburg, Vienna, and Bucharest before Bülow finally went to Rome as ambassador. His experiences were varied enough. The book is full of good stories, almost certainly not all of them original, but good stories which it is a pleasure to read again.

It has its human side, too, for Bülow was no freer of foibles than most young men. Concerning his affairs with women he is quite frank, more so than when he discusses politics. From the historian's point of view the volume is not very rich. As a picture of court and diplomatic life it is interesting though no better than many other volumes of reminiscences. But there is almost nothing of the political side of the mission to Bucharest and little more concerning the diplomatic activity of the young ambassador at Rome. Despite the publication of the German documents there is still very much that is obscure about this period, and Bülow might have told us much. One has rather the impression that the old man had lost interest in these earlier issues, and that the things that he liked to dwell on were the lighter and pleasanter aspects of life in the old Europe that is no more.

In a discussion on the most beautiful words in the English language Compton McKenzie recently offered the following:

Carnation; Azure; Peril; Moon; Forlorn; Heart; Silence; Shadow; April; Apricot.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WAR AND ITS WRACK

Aftermath of War

TATTERED BANNERS. By TALCOTT POWELL. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by SAMUEL TAYLOR MOORE

TALCOTT POWELL has compiled an illuminating if somewhat sickening record of the most sordid phase in the aftermath of wars. His "Tattered Banners" is the story of paying the martial piper after the dance is ended. The book should be kept from the hands of school children. Unquestionably it would inflame those embryo taxpayers to hoot Memorial Day speakers from assembly-room rostrums.

Has the daily and periodical press lately convinced you that certain World War veteran groups are unique in their avaricious demands upon Congress for lavish gratuities, Mr. Powell's well-written document will prove otherwise. The repetitious pattern of history is once more clearly demonstrated as he details mercenary demands upon governments by war veterans from those of Sulla's Roman Legions to the present olive-drab crop.

The outstanding imperfection of the book is that Mr. Powell loses the fine perspective characterizing his first seven chapters as he records assaults on the national treasury by World War veteran groups. After proving that current grabs were as inevitable as human selfishness is constant, the author devotes his pen to alarums which, he had definitely established, are not only futile but bleakly hopeless under our present system of government. Reiterating that the present ruthless raids are manœuvered by one per cent of the population, he places blame on grasping veteran groups, notably the American Legion. Veterans do not enact our laws, either as a class or through their representation in the Congress. War veteran representation in Congress also is a distinct minority. Congress must bear final responsibility for the onerous laws. Consequently the remedy must rest in the hands of the remaining 99 per cent of the electorate. The enemy is not the veteran. It is the lethargy and indifference of voters.

Neverthless, "Tattered Banners" must be rated a valuable contribution to history. In its specialized field it should serve as a standard reference work. Had the information contained in the earlier chapters been available to William Gibbs McAdoo in 1917 it is inconceivable that he ever would have bothered framing that model "pension preventive" legislation, which at a swelling cost already in excess of one billion dollars today represents one more Wilsonian ideal mocked by realities, and to the unmitigated distress of taxpayers.

Until Mr. Powell loses the balance of his pen crusading in perhaps justifiable fervor against the present long list of fantastic and extravagant laws benefiting veterans, he is at pains to emphasize that reckless greed is not an exclusive characteristic of former warriors. Avaricious industrialists, anxious to maintain high protective tariffs in the face of vast treasury surpluses, have in the past incited the distribution of amazing gratuities, not as a reward to patriots but for their own greater personal profit. The precedents thereby established are now home to roost. The final test of selfishness, however, always may be traced to the altar of politics. Heedlessly, ofttimes venally, under the cloak of popular sentimental regard of the man who has worn his country's uniform while canting hypocritical patriotic phrases, many of our Presidents and emphatic majorities in the Congresses of the last century deliberately have bought and paid for veterans' votes with public funds. That is the situation existing today.

Mr. Powell's work bears evidence of painstaking research, but he errs in stating that vocational rehabilitation for World War veterans cost but $300,000,000. The bill was nearer $650,000,000. Also erroneous is his prediction of the cost of the impending widows and orphans grab. Instead of $10,000,000 a year, the official estimate was $144,000,000 in the first five years. Thereafter, it was stated, the annual expense would pyramid.

Mayhap national bankruptcy is threatened by veteran demands granted and impending; it is possible, as Mr. Powell hints, that red revolt may result as the burden grows, but one practical service the book may render to the nation. It is a powerful document for recruiting when the war drums roll again. Discerning youths who have digested its contents should hasten to enroll, if not for purely patriotic motives, then for the rich rewards which war service surely will bring.

An Honorable Spy

I WAS A SPY. By MARTHE MCKENNA. McBride. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by HAMILTON SMITH

THIS book differs in a number of respects from the usual stories of espionage. It is a better story than most, and it is more convincingly written. The protagonist challenges respect and sympathetic interest from the outset of her activities as a British agent in the theatre of war in 1915. These increase as her narrative modestly unfolds, until the last incident of her spy life. Her sporting conduct before the cruelty and lies of the Military Tribunal which condemned her to death, and her refusal to dispute the justice of her fate leave the reader feeling toward her much as he would toward a heroine in a favorite romance.

"Marthe McKenna," as Mr. Winston Churchill says in the Preface, "fulfilled in every respect the conditions which make the terrible profession of a spy dignified and honorable."

Her services were recognized. For her merciful care of German soldiers as a hospital nurse, she was awarded the Iron Cross. She holds the French and Belgian decorations for distinguished gallantry. The British Secretary of State for War formally conveyed to her in 1919 the appreciation of the King of England. Her death sentence was commuted to life imprisonment when the German medical officers under whom she served urged leniency; and she regained her liberty at the Allied Victory.

AGAINST THE WALL, BY JOSÉ CLEMENTE OROZCO (Delphic Studios).

Facts and Statistics

RUSSIA IN TRANSITION: A BUSINESSMAN'S APPRAISAL. By ELISHA M. FRIEDMAN. New York: The Viking Press. 1932. $5.

Reviewed by CALVIN B. HOOVER

MR. FRIEDMAN undoubtedly spent an enormous amount of time and energy in collecting the imposing amount of material which has gone into this book. Unfortunately the impression which one gets is that, exhausted by the labor of gathering the material, he shipped it off to an artisan and said, "Take this and make a book." One cannot detect any plan for organizing or correlating the personal observations of the author, the opinions of foreign engineers, bits of poetry, statistical data, philosophizing, long quotations from Trotsky and Kautsky, alternatively favorable and unfavorable forecasts, and a learned discussion of the diplomatic doctrine of the recognition of sovereign states which *inter alia* make up the volume.

As a result of the failure to digest the material of the book there are a considerable number of irreconcilable statements and a great deal of repetition. For example, Mr. Friedman apparently wavers between the belief that the natural resources of Russia are of incalculable richness and the belief that they are seriously inadequate. His difficulty in coming to a conclusion about the matter is illustrated by two statements in reference to the reserves of iron ore. On pages 107-108 he says, "The known iron-ore reserves of the Soviet Union had been figured at about three billion metric tons until the Kursk beds were discovered six years ago with an estimated reserve of twenty billion to forty billion tons of ore." On page 235 he states, "Including deposits in both European and Asiatic Russia deposits in the ground amount to 1,836 million tons of ore, with an iron content of 774 million tons. Half of this amount is 'visible and probable' reserve, the other half 'possible' reserve."

It is easy to understand how both repetition and contradiction came about. When, for example, the topic labor is to be discussed in connection with other topics such as industry, the standard of living, the attitude of the population toward the government, the results which have been attained, in addition to the discussion of the topic by itself, it is obvious that a certain amount of repetition cannot be avoided. In trying to cover such a huge field or series of fields as Mr. Friedman does an author would be superhuman who did not sometimes make apparently contradictory statements. This is particularly true in the case of Soviet Russia, where analysis is extraordinarily difficult in the first place, and is rendered even more difficult by the kaleidoscopic changes which are always occurring. The matter finally comes down to a question of the minimum of care which is to be expected of an author in digesting his material before he passes on his manuscript to other hands.

Mr. Friedman's observations of the shortcomings of Soviet industry are shrewd and interesting. It is somewhat difficult to speak of his conclusions, for in many cases one would have to quote Mr. Friedman vs. Mr. Friedman. In respect to recognition of Soviet Russia by the United States government, it may be stated definitely enough that the author believes it desirable.

Present-Day Poland

THE CAULDRON BOILS. By EMIL LENGYEL. New York: The Dial Press. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR PRUDDEN COLEMAN

IN rapid, journalistic style Mr. Lengyel analyzes the difficulties of present-day Poland. He finds each member of that body so mortally attacked that long before the end of his analysis the demise of the patient seems assured. The shortcomings of the journalistic method are here sharply revealed. For the patient still lives, and the same sort of diagnosis applied to any country in the world today would lead to the same conclusion.

Since the author has tried to be fair both to Poland and her detractors, it is unfortunate that his equipment for the task is so one-sided. His knowledge of the Polish language is apparently faulty and his acquaintance with Polish history sketchy, whereas his familiarity with German culture is evidently of long standing, complete, and instinctively sympathetic. He misspells such well-known Polish names as Inowroclaw and Mieczyslaw; he makes Copernicus one of the "heroes of German science," though we know that upon enrolling in the University of Cracow that person himself signed his name, Nicolaus Copernicus Polonus; and he gives the impression, moreover, that the Kashubes are but remotely related to the Poles, when their language is, for all practical purposes, intelligible to every Pole, and they are a closely related race. On the other hand, because of his admiration for the German hero von Hindenburg, Mr. Lengyel drags in a whole chapter which has no integral connection with the rest of the book.

Mr. Lengyel is at his best in analyzing the Jewish problem. He has likewise treated with admirable fairness the Lithuanian question. Although his prophecy that Lithuania will be absorbed by Poland is unlikely of realization, his feeling that the two states will eventually be drawn together is well-founded. With regard to the Ukrainian and White Russian questions, the author is too severe in his condemnation of the Peace Conference. These problems were in 1918 so new that even experts could not be expected to solve them wisely.

RUSSIA, BY JOSÉ CLEMENTE OROZCO (Delphic Studios).

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE POETRY OF HORACE GREGORY

TWO years or more ago I reviewed in this department the first book of poems by Horace Gregory, *Chelsea Rooming House,* published by Covici-Friede. Later on, I commented in passing upon his translation of Catullus into the American idiom. Now his second volume of poems, *No Retreat* (Harcourt, Brace) is before me. His poetry, it seems to me, has refined itself, is purer ore. His phrase is more peculiarly fortunate. His rhythms are more subtle. A modern of moderns, he writes a free verse often rhymed, using capitals only at the actual beginnings of sentences, becomes at times unintelligible, affects a most impressionistic manner. But there is much less chopped up prose, and much more poetry, in the undulant measures of *No Retreat* than in *Chelsea Rooming House*; just as the Eliot influence is more apparent in this latest book. T. S. Eliot started this whole manner of writing, that there is no denying, and it is perfectly natural that Mr. Gregory should pass under the influence of the acknowledged master of the most clearly-defined modern school. In "Emmanuel Bluethorne Requiescat—" the indebtedness to the fisher-up of the murex is most unmistakable. Here Mr. Gregory prints so blue that I cannot but regard this as one of his worst poems, being imitative, as it is certainly, to me, one of his most obscure. I shall continue to decry the modern cult of obscurity. Any poem with true pith takes more than one reading, but when three or four readings fail to yield the poem's meaning I refuse, at my age, to allot it any more time.

Mr. Gregory originally came to New York from Wisconsin. (The Middle-Westerners are the Americans who usually become most "advanced" and cryptic, due probably to a natural reaction from their original environment.) He found New York, as it is, a city of terror and defeat. He wrote of the lives discerned or imagined in a lower west-side tenement. He also wrote of "The Pronoun 'I'." His was the kind of poetry that seemed to appear in invisible ink between the lines of garish stories in the tabloids, including those about "girls, milk-fed, white, who vanish with glorious smiling millionaires in silver limousines." He snared a great deal of the tawdry tragedy of the city, of its reek of sex, of its unreal triumphs and haggard requiems. He spoke familiarly of "Hell-babies sitting in speakeasies" and of "Columbo Domenico dead on Minetta Street." He forced from the city's filth and stupidity a new metaphysic in "O Metaphysical Head." He sang a strange love song on Twenty-third Street. He discussed Heaven with Longface Mahoney. About all these things there was a hint of *tour de force.* But he vitally interested this reader. Here was distinct originality breaking through, trying to find its way.

The new book, *No Retreat,* is more moving, subtler, deeper. Again he begins with New York, but in the "Poems for My Daughter," in "The Third Decade," he comes much nearer to pure poetry. The nostalgic rhythm is strangely beautiful:

Tell her I know
that living is too long
for our love to endure;
the tenuous and strong
web of time (outlasting
girls and men—love's rapid signature
of hand and lip and eye)
is a steel cable strung
across a sunset sky.

There follow many requiems and valedictions. The poet is obsessed with mortality. But he is becoming the master of a fine rhetoric. Distinctly modern ejaculations are mixed with those of an almost Elizabethan flavor. In a strange poem of praise to John Skelton there is one splendidly expressive verse I must quote:

John Skelton laureate
(whose sun has risen late
never to close its eye
in our eternity)
thrust wide the lips that preach
virtue in English speech
the ragged, adder's tongue
sharp, deep and venomous
iron and mirth,
then tart and ruddy song
heard when spring's morning wakes
April whose blossom shakes
birds over earth.

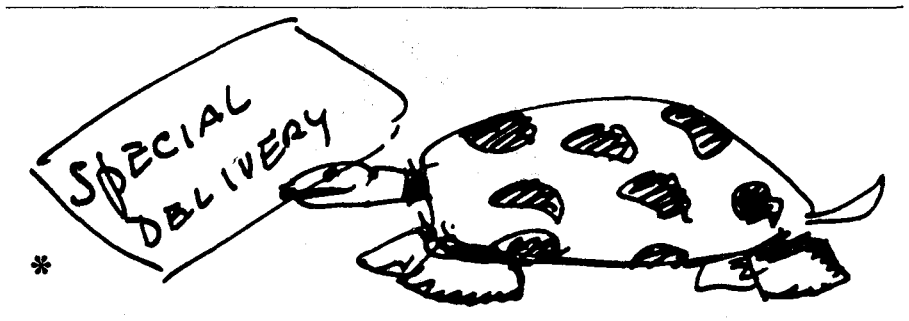
A PLEA FOR ORGANIZATION

But, as Professor Lowes has said, it "is not poetic diction that makes poetry." That which is also vitally necessary is a satisfactory organization of one's material. Mr. Gregory seems to me to have accumulated plenty of rich material, and, with all allowances made for experimental attempts to say by implication what is most difficult in its subtlety to say, not to have organized his material sufficiently. What seems to me this lack of organization is, however, not peculiar to the work of Mr. Gregory, but rather a prime characteristic of most modern poetry. "And so," to quote Professor Lowes again, "we get the *disjecti membra poetæ*—as if the poet had been hit and scattered into crystal fragments by a bomb, or had been, at best, cut up, like Romeo, into little stars. Except in some of the more serious craftsmen, the architectonic power has suffered atrophy." Professor Lowes first printed that, I believe, in 1919. It is even more true today. "The trend of all but the best current poetry is away from the consecutive and towards the discrete." That statement is also so much more true today that one cannot even include the exception "the best current poetry," without feeling that one is, perhaps, wronging certain highly intelligent poets of whom Mr. Gregory is certainly one. My own hope is for a steadily growing organization and clarifying in the work of those modern poets who display, as does Mr. Gregory, notable talent. Where they are metaphysical, even there—by more arduous search for precise statement—they should be able to speak more intelligibly. I say this because I continue to hold the belief that poetry should communicate with the reader as instantly as possible. And I should be the last person to invite it into a strait-jacket. I believe in a wild profusion of imagery if need be, so that there be structure underneath and impressive cogency in what is said. And, to return to Mr. Gregory, he is to me one of the most interesting of the younger experimentalists. His sensitivity to the look and sound of words, and the march of their music on the page, should lead him to put his gifts less abstrusely and fragmentarily to work.

MISS THAYER'S SONNETS

Mary Dixon Thayer, well known for her tennis prowess as well as for her poetry, is evidently a Roman Catholic. Among her former books were "A Child's Way of the Cross" and "Songs before the Blessed Sacrament." In judging her present volume, therefore ("Sonnets," Macmillan) one must temporarily accept her point of view, an entirely traditional one. Miss Thayer (now Mrs. Maurice Fremont-Smith) suffers under the disadvantage of having chosen a poetic form wherein the greatest only have triumphed and a thousand have fallen by the wayside. I cannot say that I think her sonnets truly distinguished in execution, though here and there I do appreciate ease of movement, naturalness of expression, and sure sense of rhythm. VI, X, and XXVIII seem to me the best, though despite the dignity of expression and the sincere simplicity, little seems to be said here that has not been said more strikingly before. I quote sonnet number VI as an example of Miss Thayer at her best:

How strange it is to know that when the hand
That writes these words is dust—the words remain!
How hard it is—how hard to understand
We are less real than our own joy and pain!
For though you know it not I know that when
Our hearts that beat so quickly are but air
My song will live upon the lips of men
And prove to other ages you were fair.
Lovers in other lands, in distant times,
Reading these words will pause awhile and sigh,
Feeling your beauty stral between the rhymes,
Saddened to think that even you could die.
How strange it is, Dear Heart, knowing all this,
To know you do not know. Come, let us kiss.



HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON wrote us about REVOLUTION: 1776

"I got in such a stew about that Preston's REVOLUTION that I had to finish it. A funny world. For who is Preston? What has he ever done . . . for people do not learn to write that way in five minutes or five years. He must be soaked in the lore of revolutionary days. He has done a magnificent piece of work. I know the way books are reviewed these days. I realize the hopelessness to express genuine admiration for anything in this day and age when every morning brings me more books and slightly veiled suggestions that perhaps I will read them and perhaps I will say something about them etc. etc. As a rule those books are given away unread. I was going to give this package to the elevator boy in the Harvard Club but being in need of a haircut and having to wait a while I thought it would do as well as any other. And that haircut gave me one of the rare pleasures of the last twenty years. I remember that when I was learning English I got hold of Macaulay and had that sort of revealing experience. Here was somebody who had done a piece of work and had done it in the Grand Manner. I had to wait another 25 years for Preston's book to relive those eager days when a book had given me an emotion life itself has rarely done. . ."

* *Mr. Van Loon's envelope illustration.*

REVOLUTION 1776

By John Hyde Preston

A biographical story of the Revolutionary War, which reads like an eye-witness account of those turbulent days.

440 pages, $2.90

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY, 383 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK

South Moon Under

by

Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings

A novel of the wild "scrub" country of interior Florida, a scene new to American fiction—and one that you won't forget for a long, long time. It is one book of the Spring that will be talked about all year.

A Book-of-the-Month Selection $2.00

Grain Race

by

Alan Villiers

The roaring story of a race from Australia around the Horn to England—with eighteen tall sailing ships as the racers. Read it for authentic thrills. $3.00

at all bookstores

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

The CROWNING of TECHNOCRACY

By LARDNER & SUGRUE

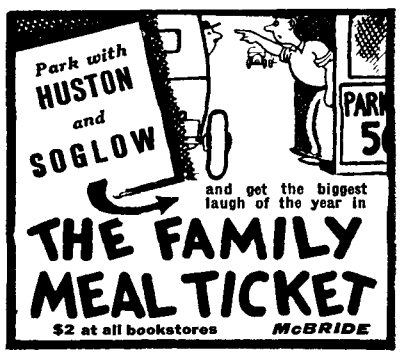
Pictures by Mear Lucke

A simon pure extract of Scott's Emulsion. It solves the most absorbing crossword puzzle since Bryan's 16 to 1. Don't fail to read the first big laugh of 1933.

"The last word on the subject. Includes the dottiest and dashiest sets of graphs yet set on paper."—N. Y. Herald Tribune.

Price one energy dollar.

ROBERT M. McBRIDE & CO., NEW YORK

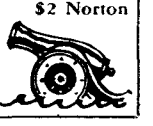


Melanie wanted a husband, children, and a home in the country, until she met Will Heron . . .

A love story by CHARLES ALLEN SMART

THE BRASS CANNON

$2 Norton



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Biography

JOSE CLEMENTE OROZCO. Introduction by ALMA REED. New York: Delphic Studios, 9 East 57th Street.

"In the midst of the struggle," says Alma Reed, in her introduction to this valuable book of the work of Orozco, the famous Mexican mural painter, "the Mexican painters appeared on the scene with reinforcements that have not been unwelcome. Certainly the Mexican bourgeoisie was at one time under the spell of Paris, but Mexico is after all, as hard and impenetrable as its black zapote wood. Against the insolent irony of the pulqueria, the soft blandishments of Parisian esthetics are unavailing. In the end the most Parisian-minded Mexican painter found himself helpless with the poor weapons brought from Montparnasse."

Orozco's work is indigenously Mexican and dominantly masculine. Born in 1883, in the state of Jalisco, he was first agriculturalist and architect. He decided in 1909 to become a painter. In 1915 he gave his first one-man exhibition of paintings and drawings in Mexico City. Two years later he made his first visit to California, where he remained two years. From 1922 to 1927 he was engaged in making mural frescos for public buildings in Mexico. He was then for five years in the United States and in the summer of 1932 took his first trip to Europe. The reproductions of this book represent his varied activities with pencil and brush. We are shown the faces of "Successful People," the action of "Women Fighting," the superstition of Mexico in "El Muerto," Goyaseque scenes of revolution, flashes of our own New York in "Fourteenth Street" and "The Subway." We can examine his treatment of the Michelangelesque "Quetzalcoatl's Prophecy," his great conceptions of the "Despised Races" and "Chaos and the Gods." There is no doubt of the trenchant power of Orozco. His work is one of the portents of our day. And here is an excellent introduction to it.

LINCOLN: A PSYCHO-BIOGRAPHY. By L. PIERCE CLARK. Scribners. 1933. $3.50.

The psychoanalyst is abroad in the land and you better look to your dreams, glands, complexes, and a lot else.

Properly Mr. Clark dedicates his book "to those who would look into the unfathomed depths of the genius-mind."

Properly the author had this book in his system; ineradicable desire was the prompter of it; the only escape from the pressing and harrying apparitions bidding him write the book was to get it written.

It pours as in a torrent of chapters on all the phases of Lincoln from birth to death, with a marshalling of all the authentic and some of the apocryphal materials considered significant by latter-day psychology. "Freud and others," says the author, "have devoted years of painstaking labor to make clear the intricate mechanisms operating in the foreconscious and the unconscious of human beings, and for the first time they have given us an understandable interpretation of them." With the belief that modern psychiatry can unravel much pertaining to the behavior of Lincoln, the author proceeds with a volume probably as solid and competent from that viewpoint as can be done, inasmuch as it is no offhand work, the author having widely assimilated his materials, and having performed his diagnoses with evident sympathy, and in the hope that the future may accord them sound scientific values.

Fiction

SILVIA'S IN TOWN. By MARION STROBEL. Farrar & Rinehart. 1933. $2.

This is a novel about the smart set in Chicago, where, according to the author, everybody has too much thyroid. Perhaps the characteristic she has in mind is common to large American cities, for this book has somewhat the feeling of Fifth Avenue on a bright, cold day; it is full of people who are well-dressed and in a hurry, and not very happy but not conscious of that fact, and, above all things, eager to escape boredom. It is to escape boredom that the characters in the book seize the gossip about Silvia, who is a widow with a little daughter and an unconcealed love affair with a writer of detective stories who won't marry her because it would interfere with his work. Silvia has some difficulty in managing a lover and a child at once, and there is, before the book is over, a case of what looks very like manslaughter, but everything ends happily, and one is left wondering a little what all the excitement has been about and why we have rushed so breathlessly all over Chicago to watch two people get married who might just as well have got married on page one.

The characters are presented with a superficial sharpness that almost conceals the fact that their drawing is extremely shallow. (The neurotic old maid, for instance, certainly seems to be put together from a textbook on neurosis rather than genuinely felt.) And in just the same way, the speed and the real verve of the treatment will make many readers overlook the thinness of the story. For those readers who like the feeling of being intimately concerned in gossip about the best people, and of having one engagement after another in rich houses or bohemian flats, this book may be recommended. It is easy to read, and easy to forget.

TO THE NORTH. By ELIZABETH BOWEN. Knopf. 1933. $2.50.

The great distinction of Miss Bowen's work has not always in the past concealed its fundamental thinness. Her many delightful qualities of mind—wit, grace, the power to make her people live—have made up for the occasional failures to be convincing, or perhaps rather to convince herself that whatever she happened to be writing about was really important. In "To the North," while maintaining at first this aloof and almost scientific attitude towards her characters, she has succeeded before the end of the book in introducing a new and deeper note. It seems, in fact, that a tide of sincere feeling has borne the author as well as her two principal figures away, out of the polite and slightly cramped world in which they previously moved into a realm of less delicate values and greater humanity. No doubt there will be some who will regret this abandonment of a purely intellectual standard, seeing Miss Bowen dangerously near to sentimentality at times, but the construction of her new novel is sufficiently sound to make the change seem logical. Certainly it is overwhelmingly effective.

Not that the author's methods have ever been precious or affected, in spite of the small scale on which her pictures have nearly always been drawn. The very coldness of her insight and her preoccupation with character rather than with action or background have ensured her escape from a fault which even Mrs. Woolf—a personality evidently of greater weight at present—has sometimes been unable to avoid. Consequently Miss Bowen's sudden conversion to emotion has double significance, and results in what is on the whole her best book, though much of the earlier part of "To the North" is concerned with apparently trivial things, unconnected with the main business of the story.

For "To the North" is a very good book to read, as well as a subtle one technically. The ebb and flow of ordinary London life holds it together as a background, changing but continually present, against which the two couples (for there is also the case of Cecelia and Julian, which receives almost as much attention as that of Emmeline and Markie) turn themselves neatly and painlessly inside out for our instruction. There is little, at the end, that one does not know about these people and their feelings, yet it is Miss Bowen's triumph that there has been no unnecessary exposure, no violence or waste about the whole admirable performance.

Miscellaneous

NATURE BY NIGHT. By ARTHUR R. THOMPSON. Illustrated by over 100 photographs by the author. New York: Robert O. Ballou. 1933.

The title of this book, with its binding, on which is reproduced a pleasant photograph suggesting the edge of a wood at moonrise, is a trifle misleading as to the character of the contents. Instead of poetic essays, they are the scrupulous observations of an English faunal naturalist whose home is at Coggeshall, Essex. He is much afield by night because he is primarily an entomologist, yet the insects bring up the rear in his table of contents and get but two brief chapters, whereas it is the mammals of which he writes most copiously and personally and on which he is, at this distance, most interesting. He seems to have had it in mind to round out a sort of handbook of "the wild creatures of the British Isles which come forth when the night falls," and therefore to have put in some material that is perfunctory—but if you love Kenneth Grahame, and want to know what the Rat, the Mole, the Otter, and the others, including Mr. Toad and, particularly, Mr. Badger, are like and look like in reality, here is the very man to tell you and show you; he is a good wild-life photographer. He gives a memorable account of that grisly bit of thuggery, the hunting down of a rabbit by a stoat, and a few striking if perceptibly Britannic observations on the introduced American gray squirrel, which is becoming a pest.

BELLES LETTRES

Contemporary Spanish Literature. By Aubrey F. G. Bell. Knopf. $2.75.
Literary Friendship in the Age of Wordsworth. Selected and edited by R. C. Bald. Macmillan. $1.75.
A Johnson Handbook. By Mildred C. Struble. Crofts. $2.
A Milton Handbook. By James Holly Hanford. Crofts. $2.
Love's Labour Lost. A Study by Eva Turner Clark. Payson. $1.75.
By Post to the Apostles. By Helen Walker Holman. Minton, Balch. $2.50.

BIOGRAPHY

Thomas Southerne, Dramatist. By John Wendell Dodds. Yale University Press.
Socrates. By A. E. Taylor. Appleton. $2.
A Short Life of Shakespeare. Abridged by Charles Williams from Sir Edmund Chambers's "William Shakespeare." Oxford. $1.50.

DRAMA

Theater and School. By Samuel J. Hume and Lois Foster. French. $3.50.
Clear All Wires! By Bella and Samuel Spewack. French. $2.
Dangerous Corner. By J. B. Priestley. French. $2.
When Ladies Meet. By Rachel Crothers. French. $2.
A Handbook of Acting. By Eva Alberti. French. $2.
British Drama. By Allardyce Nicoll. Crowell. $3.
The Great Duke of Florence. By Philip Massinger. By Johanna M. Stockholm. Baltimore: The Author.
Reigen, The Affairs of Anatol, Living Hours, The Green Cockatoo. By Arthur Schnitzler. Modern Library. 95 cents.

EDUCATION

The Century Handbook of Writing. By Garland Greever and Easley S. Jones. Century. $1.
Studies in Creative Writing. By William Robert Wunsch and Mary Reade Smith. Holt.
English at Work. By Helen Rand. Holt.
Two to Six. By Rose H. Alschuler. Morrow. $1.50.

FICTION

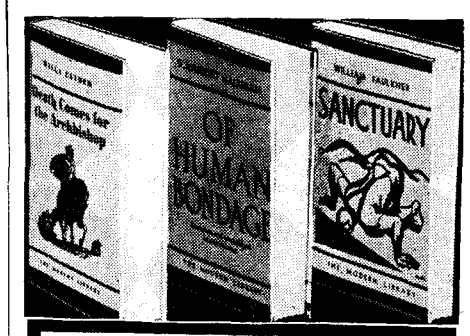
Mother Sea. By Felix Riesenberg. Kendall. $2.50.
All Women Die. By C. J. Wolfson. Vanguard. $2.

The Bookshop Window

The John Day Company have added to their vigorous and pertinent pamphlet publications a new series for children, or more rightly, for those who play and work with children. The series is called "The Coöperative School Pamphlets," and the first four available. "The Art of Block Building," by Harriet M. Johnson (illustrated, $.50); "Streets," "Boats and Bridges," "Trains," each edited by Lucy Sprague Mitchell ($.20), contain stories about the familiar, everyday subjects suggested by the titles and are intended for children under seven. An envelope holding eleven gravure illustrations, a set for each pamphlet, may be purchased separately ($.20).

"The Right Book for the Right Child" (John Day, $2.50), is provocatively subtitled "a graded buying list of children's books." A committee of the American Library Association, headed by Miss Mary S. Wilkinson, selected and annotated "those books found to be most interesting and most suitable to children's reading from the standpoint both of content and of literary quality." The Research Department of the Winnetka Public Schools has classified the books (with the exception of the pre-school read aloud list) under ages and grades according to what they have found to be the average child's read-to-himself ability—hence "The Tale of Peter Rabbit" for nine and ten year olders which will astonish most not so observant grown-ups. This comprehensive book list, however, should prove valuable for reference to parents as well as to schools and libraries. Authors and publishers might consider a small footnote which appears in the illuminating preface, to the effect that for cost those who wish may have a book analyzed and graded for them by the Research Department.

In "Children's Books in England" (Macmillan $4), Mr. Harvey Darton, its author and also author of the sections dealing with the same subject in "The Cambridge History of English Literature," gives an interesting account of five centuries of English children's literature which is, in fact, a hitherto unwritten chapter in our social history. The distinguished appearance of the book matches nicely the attractive, scholarly mind that conceived it.



Have YOU Read These 25 GREAT BOOKS?

Aren't these the books you have always "meant to" read? Just run your eye down this list! Here are books you put off buying when they were $3 to $5. Now they are only 95c each! More than a million American book-lovers have aided in the selection of these 25 outstanding, all-time favorites. Which shall we send to YOU for 5 days' examination?

42 — ARROWSMITH... *Sinclair Lewis*
13 — THE WAY OF ALL FLESH... *Samuel Butler*
16 — CONFESSIONS OF A YOUNG MAN... *George Moore*
19 — A FAREWELL TO ARMS... *Ernest Hemingway*
47 — CANDIDE... *Voltaire*
59 — SWANN'S WAY... *Marcel Proust*
60 — THE PHILOSOPHY OF SPINOZA... *Spinoza*
61 — SANCTUARY... *Wm. Faulkner*
71 — THE DECAMERON... *Boccaccio*
72 — TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES... *Thomas Hardy*
89 — GREEN MANSIONS... *W. H. Hudson*
103 — SAMUEL PEPYS' DIARY... *Samuel Pepys*
109 — SONS AND LOVERS... *D. H. Lawrence*
138 — THE ROMANCE OF LEONARDO DA VINCI... *Merejkowski*
151 — THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV... *Dostoyevski*
152 — AN OUTLINE OF ABNORMAL PSYCHOLOGY
154 — CYRANO DE BERGERAC... *Rostand*
176 — OF HUMAN BONDAGE... *W. Somerset Maugham*
179 — THE MEDICI... *G. F. Young*
181 — THE PHILOSOPHY OF PLATO... *Plato*
191 — DEATH COMES FOR THE ARCHBISHOP... *Willa Cather*
192 — A HISTORY OF THE BORGIAS... *Frederick Baron Corvo*
201 — THE ARABIAN NIGHTS (*Burton Translation for Adults*)
202 — CAPITAL AND OTHER WRITINGS... *Karl Marx*
208 — THE DIVINE COMEDY... *Dante*

Every book is complete, unexpurgated and unabridged. Many are first and only reprints of expensive, original editions. Bindings are in handsome balloon-silk in the convenient Modern Library size.

Which Do You Want for 5 Days' Examination?

Have as many of these books as you wish sent directly to you. Under the new satisfaction-guaranteed plan merely encircle in the coupon the numbers of the books you want, write in your name and address, and mail it to The Modern Library, 20 East 57th Street, New York. When the books arrive, pay the postman, plus a few cents postage. If, after 5 days, you are not more than delighted, return one or all and we will refund your 95c for each book returned.

SEND NO MONEY With This Coupon

THE MODERN LIBRARY, Inc.
Dept. S.R. 103, 20 E. 57th St., N. Y. C.

Please send me the Modern Library books whose title numbers I have encircled below. I will pay the postman 95c for each, plus a few cents postage. It is understood that if at any time, within 5 days, I wish to return any or all of these books, I may do so and you will refund the price of each volume I return.

(Place Circle Around Numbers of Titles You Wish)

42 13 16 19 47 59 60 61 71 72
89 103 109 138 151 152 154
176 179 181 191 192 201 202 208

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

☐ *Check here if you prefer to enclose WITH this coupon 95c for each book selected and we will pay postage in full. Same liberal guarantee applies, of course.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

M. M. M., Oak Park, Ill., asks for a book on antique lace shawls, by which these, or pieces of old lace in general (especially of the Victorian period), may be identified.

THE latest book on the subject is Jessie F. Caplin's "The Lace Book" (Macmillan) whose special feature — besides costing $2.75, less than such books usually do—is that it gives more information about modern machine-made lace than earlier guides vouchsafed. Mechlin and Chantilly, favorite shawl laces, are among the thirty-eight types of lace described and carefully illustrated. Next in price to this book comes Clara M. Blum's "Old World Lace" (Dutton, $3); Mrs. Lowes's "Chats on Old Lace and Needlework" (Stokes, $4) in the well-known "Chat" series by English connoisseurs; and two at five dollars each, "The Lace Book," by N. Hudson Moore (Stokes), and the useful "Lace Guide for Makers and Collectors," by Gertrude Whiting (Dutton). The largest and most comprehensive work on the subject in English is Mrs. Bury Palliser's "History of Lace" (Scribner, $20) of which the latest edition is revised and enlarged by M. Jourdain and Alice Dryden. A little book by Charlotte Kellogg, "Bobbins of Belgium" (Funk & Wagnalls), will be interesting to anyone who likes to know how and under what conditions the typical lace of the Low Countries is made; it is more than a buyer's guide.

Frank Weitenkampf, Curator of Prints in the New York Public Library (and if you are a collector in this field you will be closely interested in the fact that Mr. Weitenkampf's book for collectors, "The Quest of the Print" (Scribner) is your most practical guide, friend, and money-saver) telephoned me that the collector of street-car literature should be informed that the street-car strike in Boston had a great deal to do with the novel by William Dean Howells, "A Hazard of New Fortunes," and that a delver in the N. Y. Public Library would find there, somewhere in the works of Sam Andersen McKeever, one time known as the Dickens of America and a pillar of the *Police Gazette*, a famous story about a New York streetcar with a dead man for passenger, that may be the antecedent of the one still floating about our metropolitan folklore, to which I referred.

M. K., Washington, Pa., asks if there is a dictionary of technical terms used in the fine arts similar to the one for the graphic arts commented on in the *Review* for January 28. That is, a handbook defining the terms used in painting, sculpture, architecture, color-notation, design, perspective, etc.? In English there is "Adeline's Art Dictionary," translated from the French of Jules Adeline, published by Appleton in 1910 and still in print. In France the Librairie Larousse published in 1930 a "Dictionnaire Illustré d'Art et d'Archaeologie," by Louis Reau, which costs fifty francs bound.

The inquiry of *R. P., Alexandria*, for books on Liberia has been answered from headquarters, from none other than this column's special correspondent in Liberia, *E. C. T., Ganta, Liberia, West Africa.* She recommends especially Sir Harry Johnston's "The Colonization of Africa," Ellis's "The Culture of West Africa," Conga's "Brief History of Liberia," "The Lone Woman in Africa," by Agnes McAllister, Bishop Camphor's "Missionary Story Sketches and Folk Lore from Africa," Reeves's "The Black Republic," and W. L. Turner's "Under the Skin in Africa." She goes on:

> By far the most complete and recent authority on biological and medical data in Liberia is the two volume set of books the result of the Harvard African expedition in 1926-27 by Dr. Richard P. Strong. "The African Republic of Liberia and the Belgian Congo" is the title of these gleanings. Much the greater part of the report deals with Liberia. This set of books is published by the Harvard University Press. They will also release shortly a book about Liberia written by George Schwab. I do not know the title but it is worth watching the lists of publication if really much interested in Liberia. Some of the books above are purely personal accounts of experiences in Liberia and interesting as such, not to be used as reference books. It is well to read recent books as some of the earlier theories regarding origin of the various tribes and other surmises and deductions have been scientifically studied and more of the ethnographic and anthropological facts recorded. "White Africans and Black," the Singer-Baldridge African book, is very nicely put together with sketches of interesting types. The novel "Forty Stay In" caused much feeling in Monrovia. Vandercook, the author, has a foreword to the effect that all the characters are purely fictional, but anyone knowing Monrovia has difficulty in finding one character not very closely resembling some well-known person there. This makes it good reading for those who escaped portrayal."

G. W., Ohio, asks for a biography of Rousseau, and *G. P. B., Pas Robles, Cal.*, for information as to the translator into English of an edition of the "Miscellaneous Works of Mr. J. J. Rousseau" in her possesion, printed in London, 1767, for T. Becket and P. A. DeHondt in the Strand. The best biography of Rousseau in English, and one of the most understanding and broadminded biographies of late years, is Matthew Josephson's "J. J. Rousseau" published by Harcourt, Brace in 1931. In its bibliography this does not mention this 1767 translation—the section on translations is necessarily brief—and I do not find it in any bibliography to which I have access. G. P. B.'s interest is mainly in the possibility that these five small volumes, including "The Social Contract" and "Letters from the Mountains," which were published in French but a few years previously, might perhaps be the first collected English edition. I would be glad of information from readers.

A. G. H. asks for an "honest, scholarly treatment of the Irish Rebellion of 1916, and one for the subsequent period," saying that "what little I have found has been rather too patriotically careless of details." To my mind, strengthened on the subject somewhat by personal researches conducted on the spot—though not at the time—by far the best account of the Easter Rebellion is to be found in "The Insurrection in Dublin," by James Stephens (Macmillan), which has the added advantage of being by far the most beautiful. For a history of the period from 1922 to 1927, "The Irish Free State," by Denis Gwynn (Macmillian), recounts the process of reorganization and the working of the new system, especially in finance. *B. B. B., Ojai, Ventura County, Cal., tells the inquirer about cheap places to live on the Riviera about the booklet, published annually by the Holland-American S.S. Co. called "Hand-Me-Downs."* It is compiled by the association of Student Tourist 3rd's, and a new edition is issued each year. I got my copy at the London office of the Holland-American Line. As I remember it, the price was something like 4 shillings, though I cannot vouch for the accuracy of my memory. It is paper-bound and very good, and the comments on the qualifications of the addresses are amusing and enlightening. They sound like students' conversational comments and are to the point and give angles to such information that a more dignified and conventional guide would never think of giving. I suppose any office of the Holland-American Line in this country would also be able to supply this book. It is for all of Europe and also the Orient and various odd corners of the world.

Then, for the women of the family, membership in the Women's Rest Tour Association, 11 Pinckney Street, Boston, Massachusetts, is excellent. Membership is for business and professional women, and women of small means, to whom a trip to Europe means going on a small budget, with much care shown to the details. Membership is $2 a year, and the foreign lodging list is published every two years. An American Lodging List is issued in the intervening year. If a woman in a family is a member, the list can be used by her for the family, otherwise she is not supposed to pass on information of what the lodging list contains to non-members, and she is supposed to report to the head office in Boston on all addresses used from the list.

Also membership in the English-Speaking Union is helpful in getting addresses of possible lodging places on the continent as well as in England.

Points of View

Mr. Kallet Objects

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: When Mr. Schlink and I wrote the book "100,000,000 Guinea Pigs," in the course of which we make charges of a serious nature against the United States Department of Agriculture, we expected the Department to reply in a manner which it has found useful upon occasion; that is, through the pen of its Editor of Scientific Publications, T. Swann Harding, writing to the newspapers and magazines from his home in Mount Rainier, Maryland, as an "uninformed layman." We did not expect, however, that this reply would take the form of a supposedly impartial appraisal of the book by Mr. Harding in the columns of the *Saturday Review of Literature*.

If Mr. Harding's good ethical sense permits him to review a book in which his past editorial activities are cited as one of many examples of how the government mischievously and dangerously misinforms the public, we cannot object. We should be grateful to you, however, for space in your columns to point out briefly the type of misstatement and misquotations with which his review in your publication abounds.

Mr. Harding quotes, for example, our statement that indifferent government officials let apples come to the consumer coated with arsenic, one of the deadliest of poisons. This statement is, he says, "gradually retracted with weasel words." He says, giving the impression that he bases the statement on the book, ". . . we learn that no apples reach the consumer bearing such a toxic 'coat' and that medical literature is bereft of poisoning cases directly attributable to arsenical spray residues left on fruits and vegetables in interstate commerce." He does not learn, and no one else can learn, any such thing from our book. The very first paragraph of the chapter on spray residues tells of the death of a child in Philadelphia in August, 1932, from eating sprayed fruit, and of the poisoning of six persons in California in 1931 by greens sprayed with lead arsenate.

As to the nice question of medical literature, there are a score of cases therein dealing with poisoning by arsenical residues, but as Mr. Harding well knows, medical literature does not concern itself with the question of interstate commerce, which to the medical investigator is completely irrelevant.

Again, Mr. Harding says, "The charge on page 219 that seizures of the goods of 'reputable and substantial firms' are never made is denied by the existence of hundreds of seizure and prosecution records proving the contrary." No such charge is made on page 219 or any other page. Our charge, which Mr. Harding so carelessly or ingeniously perverts, is that the government does *seize the goods* of reputable and substantial firms instead of taking the alternative action of taking *criminal action against the firms*, which it has the right and duty under the law to do.

Except for two chapters out of fourteen, the book mentions the Department of Agriculture or its subsidiary Food and Drug Administration only incidentally to a discussion of the more important questions of what manner of foods and medicines we consume under a laissez faire governmental policy. Yet nine-tenths of Mr. Harding's long review is devoted to a defense of the Department. And at least nine-tenths of that defense is made up of misstatements and misquotations of the type briefly noted in this letter.

ARTHUR KALLET.

New York City.

In Reply to Mr. Kallet

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: Mr. Kallet's kindly and much appreciated letter is read with interest. As you know I refused to review this book until I had explained to you that I had had some controversy with Consumer's Research. This controversy was purely personal. I have no right whatever to speak for the Department of Agriculture when I write from my own address in Mt. Rainier. Mr. Kallet therefore makes a typical misinterpretation of fact when he treats my review as a Departmental publication. The very fact that Kallet and Schlink in their book correctly accuse me of making an error of fact about a Food and Drug Administration tolerance for sulphur dioxide in food in an article I wrote for a medical journal itself indicates that I am a mere layman here, that I write as a layman, and that I am certainly not an expert officially delegated to answer the more clamant critics of the Department of Agriculture. When I write and sign anything as Editor of Scientific Publications of the Department of Agriculture, my official title, I must have it examined and approved officially by my superiors. Since my capacity is purely that of technical editor I do practically no such writing. But for 24 years I have written for newspapers, magazines, and periodicals generally about subjects that interest me. Such writing is purely personal and the Department would under no circumstances take responsibility for it. I write what I desire to write as I desire to write it and I have no right whatever to use my official title in relation to such personal matters, a practice which Mr. Kallet may be surprised to learn is unethical. Further to analyze the errors Mr. Kallet repeats in his letter is useless. Thus the two medical cases of arsenic poisoning he cites are, when investigated, based upon most insubstantial evidence. As I said before "100,000,000 Guinea Pigs" is in very many ways a most excellent book. It is written sensationally rather than with scientific accuracy and detachment, but it should sell widely for that very reason and will, in spite of the authors' prejudices, undoubtedly accomplish much good.

T. SWANN HARDING.

Mt. Rainier, Md.

A Youthful Moralist

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: This is respectfully submitted to any of your readers who might express doubt as to the reliability of Miss Widdemer's prediction that a race of "youthful moralists" is on the way. . . .

I speak from personal experience and from the experience of personal friends. If this be authenticity, make the most of it.

We went the whole hog in college. Most of us were averagely innocent in prep schools and high schools, so you can see that what developed later was not a deep-rooted immorality but was the result of a multiplication of circumstances against which most of us were powerless. We lost our balance with the first small slip and then fell with a noticeable thump. Morality in the young does not teeter back and forth. They either fall or they don't. They haven't the requisite dishonesty necessary to run a pendulum conscience.

We fell. We were no doubt part of the flaming generation we read about. A vicious circle: we read the books and murmured, "Maybe that *is* life, let's try it." The authors examined us, picked up their pens, and dripped the muck they saw into the pages of books labelled "Life."

We were all, authors included, rather asinine about it.

We have grown older, of course; you know how it is. (Sigh.) We are in the late twenties now, and burnt out. One advantage of the flaming, perhaps. Anyway, we're standing up and starting over again. Once somebody, while reading to us, came to the line: "The smoking flax shall he not quench." Youthfully, we inquired, "Why not? Wouldn't it help?" "No," came the answer. "When the flax is spread out, a gnawing fire burns beneath it all and destroys the impurities. It is good for this fire to burn. What is left is usually pure, and is gathered for use."

I think you may tell Miss Widdemer some of us have started over again already. And we should like to have some novelists write about *us*, instead of about those old-fashioned urchins and their elders who are still smoldering. We want some gifted writer who believes in goodness, beauty, love, humor, and intelligence; we want him to put those qualities and characteristics into a novel uncontaminated by biology or gooey sentimentality.

And we want him to do it *now*, please.

BECKY SHARP
(reformed version)

Philadelphia.

A copy of the 1589 edition of Hakluyt's "Voyages," containing the first issue of the rare Molyneux map, fetched £760—a record price for this book—at a recent London sale. "Don Quixote" in two volumes, the second volume being the first edition, went for £86.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS of MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore. 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BOOKBINDING

WHAT THE WELL-DRESSED BOOK should wear. A Bennett Binding of Hand-Tooled Imported Leather—Morocco, Levant, or Calf—Modernistic, Period or Conventional Design—According to Date and Content. Bennett Book Studios, Inc., Hand Book-Binders and Wholesale Dealers, 160 East 56th Street, New York City.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS AND GOOD BOOKS. Books by and concerning Walt Whitman. Catalogues on request. Alfred E. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Avenue, New York.

FIRST EDITIONS, FINE PRESS. CATALOGUES. PHILIP DUSCHNESS, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York.

FAGOTS OF CEDAR (*Bookfellow Edition*) IVAN SWIFT. Limited, signed. *Three dollars, postpaid.* SWIFT, The Palms, DETROIT.

MORLEY, McFEE, MENCKEN, FIRST EDITIONS. Request List. Charles K. Statlemeyer, Hancock, Maryland.

FRENCH BOOKS

VISIT OR WRITE THE FRENCH BOOKMAN, 202 West 96th Street, New York. Catlogues, 5 cents (stamps).

The FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue. "New York's Largest French Bookshop." "Over 500,000 books in stock." Mail orders, information, prompt. Big Catalogue 20c (stamps).

LITERARY SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY Agent. Books, stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Play and scenario department. THE WRITERS' WORKSHOP, INC., 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

LETITIA PENDLETON — Constructive criticism, editing, polishing. Particularly interested new authors. EDITORIAL SERVICE, 17 East 96th Street, New York.

YOUR MANUSCRIPT SHOULD BE sold! This office sells plays, novels, short stories, published books or produced plays for motion pictures. International connections, publications planned. Editor, literary advisor. Grace Aird, Inc., 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

MARKET ANALYSIS OF manuscripts without fee. Send for list of demand material. WRITERS' GUILD OF NEW YORK, 225 Fifth Avenue.

MANUSCRIPTS intelligently and rapidly typed at very low rates. STEPHANIE MATYAS, 285 Madison Avenue.

LITERARY COMMEMORATIVES

POSTAGE STAMP SETS commemorating Famous Writers. Byron, two, $.15; Camoens, ten, $.27; Cervantes (Quixote), two, $.06; Cervantes (death), eight, $.25; Dante, three, $.26; Ibsen, four, used, $.10; Petofi, five, $.10; Virgil, seven, used, $.15. Unused except as indicated. Postage extra under $1.00. Whole lot postfree $1.25. PAUL R. CARR, 3923 Packard St., Long Island City, N. Y.

OUT OF PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York.

"SEVEN BOOKHUNTERS," Station H, Box 66, New York. Out-of-print books Reasonably and promptly supplied.

RARE BOOKS

ASHENDENE PRESS (early items) and other scarce finely printed books for sale. List on application. Large stock of scarce Academic books. Wants lists welcomed. THORNTON & SON, 11, THE BROAD, OXFORD, ENGLAND.

SCHEDULE OF RATES

The ADVERTISING RATES FOR THIS classified page are as follows: For twenty or more consecutive insertions of any copy, minimum twelve words, 6 cents a word each insertion; for any smaller number of insertions 8 cents a word each insertion. Copy may be changed every week. The forms close Friday morning eight days before publication date. Address Department G.H., The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, telephone BRyant 9-0896.

The Compleat Collector

Fine Books • First Editions • Fine Typography

"Now cheaply bought for twice their weight in gold."

Conducted by

CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS & JOHN T. WINTERICH

WINTER DIVERSION

THIS day is announced a new parlor pastime. It is called "When Was Who?" It can be played by any number of persons, from one to a sell-out at the Yankee Stadium, but a twosome is best. The only paraphernalia required is paper, pencils, and an unabridged dictionary—an encyclopædia or a biographical dictionary will serve, but the unabridged is best.

"When Was Who?" is played as follows (and it is here assumed, for the sake of convenience, that two are competing):

Contestant A selects five or ten names of past notables of any era in any department of human activity—authors, statesmen, actors, painters, sovereigns, scientists, generals, philosophers. B selects the names of a second five or ten. The choice may be left to chance by inserting a paper-knife or a 3x5 card in the chosen work of reference, or the names may be picked by a neutral third party.

A and B then guess and write down, secretly and silently, the birth and death dates of the ten notables. They may allot five minutes, say, to the task, or A must stop when B cries "Done!" (or *vice versa*), or, best of all, each contestant is allowed to complete his list regardless of the time required. Then A or B—whichever is handiest to the work of reference—looks up the actual birth and death dates in the reference work and announces them, and each player writes the correct dates on his filled-in list and computes his tables of errors. (If A and B do not trust each other, or wish to conduct the enterprise *de haute rigueur*, they should swap lists.) The respective totals of error are then declared, and the player with the smallest total wins.

Here are two sample lists taken from bona-fide play:

List One (selected by A)

	A	B	Actual	Error A	Error B
Benjamin, Judah P.	1812-1896	1809-1873	1811-1884	13	13
Carson, Kit	1773-1836	1805-1859	1809-1868	68	13
Fitzgerald, Edward	1809-1868	1820-1874	1809-1883	15	20
Gibbon, Edward	1720-1783	1735-1794	1737-1794	28	2
Huxley, T. H.	1827-1892	1810-1884	1825-1895	5	26
Ireland, John, Archbishop	1838-1912	1827-1903	1838-1918	6	26
Lanier, Sidney	1842-1880	1830-1885	1842-1881	1	16
Montcalm, Marquis de	1699-1759	1727-1759	1712-1759	13	15
Prescott, W. H.	1814-1883	1809-1866	1796-1859	42	20
Verdi, Giuseppe	1820-1891	1840-1904	1813-1901	17	30
				208	181

List Two (selected by B)

	A	B	Actual	Error A	Error B
Adams, J. Q.	1768-1848	1777-1844	1767-1848	1	14
Alcott, Louisa M.	1847-1890	1832-1887	1832-1888	17	1
Cervantes	1680-1755	1551-1616	1547-1616	272	4
Galileo	1486-1555	1614-1697	1564-1642	165	105
Hardy, Thomas	1850-1927	1840-1928	1840-1928	11	0
Marshall, John	1740-1832	1750-1818	1755-1835	18	22
Nero	22-52	31-63	37-68	31	11
Nobel, Alfred	1840-1904	1834-1910	1833-1896	15	15
Thoreau, H. D.	1808-1865	1804-1854	1817-1862	12	21
West, Benjamin	1765-1825	1765-1825	1738-1820	32	32
				574	225

May I personalize these instructions to the extent of pointing out with pride that I am B in the above tables? A is Alexander Gardiner, author of "Canfield: The True Story of the Greatest Gambler" (Doubleday, Doran, 1930), now, alas, o.p., and of "Oscar in Buncoland, U. S. A." in the latest *Colophon*, as well as associate editor of *The American Legion Monthly*. In justice to Mr. Gardiner I must add that while I won the two demonstration innings handily I am still far behind him after a hundred or so starts owing to an unfortunate encounter with Confucius, whom I made to coincide with the Battle of Hastings, whereas he was actually in mid-career when the Battle of Marathon was fought. My resulting loss of three thousand points at a blow is a record so far in the contest.

A few minor suggestions for the conduct of the game may be in order from an experienced player:

Beware of delving too deep into antiquity. Birth dates, even death dates, are frequently unavailable. If a birth date is assigned but questioned by the authority consulted it should be accepted as definite for playing purposes.

The advantage of using the biographical dictionary at the end of a general unabridged dictionary is purely one of physical convenience, but this is an important advantage. In the examples cited above the Webster heirs unfortunately erred (at least in the 1931 edition) in assigning 1833 as the year of Louisa May Alcott's birth.

The plan (likely to occur to beginners as a positive inspiration) of taking ten names in a row from the biographical dictionary, also as a purely physical convenience, is not practicable. Mr. Gardiner and I tested this method and found that if we so much as claimed to recognize one name in ten in a given row (in most rows) we were undoubtedly lying.

We found also that the names chosen however chosen, tended to fall into three groups — elementary, intermediate, and advanced. The following sample lists in each group have therefore been compiled as indicators:

ELEMENTARY: Caesar (Caius Julius), Charles I of England, Columbus, Cromwell, Dickens, Lincoln, Napoleon I, Poe, Shakespeare, Washington.

INTERMEDIATE: Defoe, Frederick the Great, Garfield, Jackson (Stonewall), Johnson (Samuel), Louis XIV, Lowell (J. R.), Riley (J. W.), Tennyson, Wellington.

ADVANCED: Audubon, Boone, Calhoun, Congreve, Gustavus Adolphus, Hazlitt (William), Henry IV of France, Mistral, Mohammed, Peter the Great, Weed (Thurlow).

Anyone who scores higher than one hundred in the elementary list should either be debarred from further play or be allowed a handicap.

It should be pointed out that playing "When Was Who?" for gain (even with a stake as low as a tenth of a cent a point, or a hundredth of a cent if names like Confucius are entered) is against the law.

Distracted readers are at this point probably beginning to inquire what all this has to do with book collecting. The answer is lots. The book collector, even though he be only of the vicarious sort which collects by reading catalogues and checking items without buying them, eventually acquires a miscellaneous assortment of title page dates. These dates he naturally associates with the men and women who wrote the books. He is likely, moreover, to associate the books with a fairly definite point in the careers of their authors—to know that Milton did not write "Paradise Lost" at sixteen or Whitman "Leaves of Grass" (the pristine blades) at sixty. And occasionally a remembered title page will prove an accurate index to a birth date. For example, William Cullen Bryant's "Embargo" was issued at Boston (as the catalogue collector is aware) in 1808. The title page proclaims it the work of "a Youth of Thirteen." Bryant, ergo, was born in 1795. As a matter of fact he was born in November, 1794, but one year is as nothing in computing scores in "When Was Who?"

J. T. W.

A perfectly printed catalogue, in its kind, is that issued by the Lakeside Press Galleries for an exhibition of twentieth century prints now on view. The printing has been done by the Lakeside Press, under direction of W. L. Kittredge. The catalogue is set in monotype Baskerville, and in all particulars of spacing, leading, arrangement, and choice of sizes, a meticulous taste has governed. The illustrations are in off-set, and there is a handsome cover. Altogether it is a model catalogue.

NO SYSTEM CAN SAVE AMERICA . . .

unless it recognizes the right of the individual, the all-importance of every man to himself.

INDIVIDUALISM

AN AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE

by

HORACE M. KALLEN

A brilliant analysis that tells you why this is true and how it can be made true. $2.00

LIVERIGHT INC. PUBLISHERS N.Y.

WHEN YOU GROPE FOR A WORD USE

Roget's International

THESAURUS

"Words grouped by Ideas"

Complete list of synonyms, antonyms, phrases, slang, etc., in fact everything to help find the right word. The one indispensable book for all writers. A necessary complement of the dictionary.

Now $3 Copy

from CROWELL'S

THOMAS Y. CROWELL CO.
393 Fourth Avenue, New York

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). Rates 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept. Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

GENTLEMAN of 36, attractive, romantic, esthetic, wishes to hear from a lady of similar nature. Box 125.

WIDOW not too refined or cultured seeks "sardonic friendship." Jean.

"YOUNG MAN who advertised here few weeks ago about his wish to go to theatre with companion please write to *'Raven' care of Saturday Review.*"

RENT May 7 to Labor Day, comfortable East River apartment, fully furnished, cheap even for 1933 to desirable tenant. Four rooms. Writers to right of it, writers to left of it. Editor.

COLLEGE MAN: Trained. Wants experience at editorial work with publisher, magazine, house organ, newspaper. Salary no object. Box 126.

NOT YOUNG but very alert European woman with very wide interest, would enjoy correspondence with lonely man. Write care of *Saturday Review* for "Lady of the Sea."

CANADIAN COTTAGE FOR SALE. Beautifully situated on Saint John River, 18 miles from city. Near golf. Sleep six. Bath, electricity, garage, garden. Non-Jewish. Overnight train Boston. $6,000.00. Discuss now for 1933 or 1934. "Depreciated Dollars."

RED FLANNELS: Bad news depressing. Cheer up—we will meet soon. Letter received. Love. Sally.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The PHŒNIX NEST

WE like poem, "Inaugural Parade," which we print on the first page of our paper today. It speaks our feelings on the general situation. *Robert E. Sherwood,* its author, has furnished us good entertainment in other ways before, as a former editor of *Life,* and as the author of those successful plays, "The Road to Rome," "This Is New York," and "Reunion in Vienna." More power to his elbow! . . .

We have spent considerable time recently wondering about China, and since *President Hoover* has called for a revision of the bankruptcy laws, and we think we have found out what makes that funny noise in the wall next to our desk, we are going to let the next *Insull* inquiry simmer awhile on the back of the stove and turn our attention to Jehol, which we have got somewhat confused with Jehu, because of all the recent furious driving there. If you know anything about the pass of the nine gates, that N. Y. U. is thinking of using next fall against Colgate, you will realize that the Japanese have put themselves in a most strategic position. And if you can distinguish Peiping from Peking you will be glad that we recently experienced the warmest January 11th since 1924. The capital of Jehol Province, Cheng-te-fu, seems to be the goal of a number of thousand Japanese. Just why we wonder, when there must be so many pleasanter places to go to during the gelid term? But there! *Chacun à son goût,* as we always used to say to poor old purple and foot-bandaged *Major Willoughby.* Naturally, though, the Chinese have been protesting and there's been a bit of a wall game and a lot of pushing and shoving around the gate of Chiomenkou. The various legations, too, have been awfully upset.

Then there are those four men who were sentenced to death in Moscow for stealing jam from a Government warehouse. To the untutored Western mind the penalty would seem to have been slightly excessive. We ourself, according to any such allotment of punishments, would have been executed in extreme youth. We believe we have now outgrown such temptations, but how can we tell? Our work never brings us in contact with any Government warehouses that hoard jam.

Well, the situation in Russia must most certainly be taken into consideration if one hopes to reach a proper understanding of the situation in China. It's not mice in the wall either; we think it's a woman upstairs tacking up pictures, or maybe she's only washing dishes. Must be in a penthouse. We thought this floor was as high up as you could go. How do you stand on tax refunds, by the way? We think it might be a good thing.

Anyway, find Shanhaikwan on your atlas. You mean to say you haven't got an Atlas? How do you hope to get *anywhere* if you haven't got an atlas? A Rengo (Japanese) news agency despatch from Pogranichnaya will mean very little to you if you haven't an atlas. That's why, in pity merely, we furnish you with the accompanying map. And before you even look at it, please promise us a non-aggression treaty. Otherwise we must prepare to defend ourselves.

We never met *Doctor Yih,* the new Consul-General, when he was at Cornell. That's principally because we went to Yale ourself, and then we believe he's a little older than we are. Sounds as if she was opening a can of sardines now, but no matter. . . . We know it's not in the next room, because that's *our* kitchen.

A significant factor in the situation seems to us, anyway, that if *Wang Ching-Wei* had never gone to Tuebingen to be treated for diabetes, a good deal of this unpleasantness might have been averted. And now that there's a *Reynolds* heir, no wonder Shanghai wishes a settlement by the League of Nations. That will possibly, by the time you read this, have resulted in Japan's withdrawal from Geneva. And O the throbbing hearts left behind!

There is old Manchuria, as you will see on the map, and then there is not-so-old Manchuria, and then there is Manchukuo, just to complicate things, and also Mongolia. And then, off in that direction, there is Moscow, all the time looking for subterfuges. Of course, Tokio has claimed to be "astonished" by *Stalin;* but then so have we always been. That part of it is nothing new to us.

And it's going to be some time before we get even re-draught beer at 3.2 per cent. Nor did it help us at a party the other evening when one in his cups informed us that we looked exactly like a technocrat. If colleges are truly to teach

DRAWN BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

the use of leisure we wish we were a happy undergraduate once again.

To return to Tokio, look at how many islands *Admiral Perry* colonized for the United States, and for what? That's what comes of what comes. Did he say, by the way, "Don't give up the ship!" or "Don't cheer, boys!"? Anyway, that was on a lake, wasn't it? Lake Ontario? The Admiral certainly got around in his day! No! *Perry,* we said—not Peary!

There, she's broken a bottle! Must be next door, somehow—or across the hall—doesn't sound overhead. But what is late housework compared to sitting up in the small hours sifting newsprint for an informative article? China says Japan alone is responsible for the entire incident, and Japan says, "Nuts to you!" and there's that Great Wall of China stretching clear across the uplands of Tibet or Somewhere. Always gave us a thrill! Imagine how old it must be. One of the six wonders of the world, isn't it? Nine? Ten?

As to this incident, it *is* rather difficult to get at the bottom of it, but when you find all these military chiefs on the loose, it means that League of Nations delegations begin to get their luggage packed. Because then the shooting starts and somebdy loses his pants and blames it all on the enemy. Anyway, we're darn sorry it ever happened, if you ask *us,* and even if we did believe the emergency farm bill would do much good, what then of Latin America and the arms embargo plan? There's so much doing nowadays it's almost impossible to keep it all straight. Besides, she's finished whatever she was doing, and we don't need to quiet our nerves any more by pounding on this typewriter. . . .

Clyde Robertsan of this city sends us the following poem:

TYPEWRITER

Perched on a desk in a cheerless room
Was a squat, black thing of grinning gloom.
From its flat face, with a tripple reef
Of tabulated, clicking teeth,
There lolled a greedy, black-barred tongue.

A gray man sat all day among
The litter and dust feeding, feeding
The hungry god, ever unheeding
The cry of his own body for food.
Curious watchers said he wooed
A devil and would sell his soul
To see the furrowed tongue unroll.

But not a man knew in the crowd,
As the gray form lay in a pauper-shroud,
That between the covers of a book
That would live for ages, should they look,
They would find the strangely-fretted tongue
Unrolled the songs the man had sung.

THE PHŒNICIAN.

THE ART OF FRIENDSHIP

disclosed with cruelty in the mind and tenderness in the heart

"TRUE friends," says ABEL BONNARD, "are those that seek solitude together. It is sweet to be unappreciated by a great number and understood by a few."

With overtones of this sort, *The Art of Friendship* develops a theme which is unmistakably noble and frankly aristocratic.

M. BONNARD combines the gift of a witty commentator in the purest French tradition with the analytic power of a modern psychologist. Since Montaigne few have written more shrewdly on this charming subject.

The Art of Friendship is a book to be given to the friend you value most. There are not many such friends. And there are not many such books. The publishers respectfully suggest that if you wish to make such a presentation, you do so quickly, for your friend may anticipate your thought by giving the book to you. *Price $1.75*

The ART *of*
FRIENDSHIP
by ABEL BONNARD

Two noted French writers comment on THE ART OF FRIENDSHIP

ABBE ERNEST DIMNET (in his foreword) *says:* "The reader need only open this book to see how wonderfully M. ABEL BONNARD can weave his gems into a rich fabric of thought. Full of sensibility as he is, M. BONNARD is even fuller of intelligence."

ANDRE MAUROIS *says.* "I recommend to you this book, not only because it is written with perfection but because it contains noble thoughts. BONNARD has the highest idea of friendship."

SIMON & SCHUSTER • *Publishers*
386 FOURTH AVENUE • NEW YORK CITY

"A Magnificent Story"

PAGEANT

A Literary Guild Selection
Praised by These Critics—

"It has in it the flavor of JALNA and the sweep of INHERITANCE, which ought to be a first-rate recommendation."
—HARRY HANSEN, *New York World-Telegram*

"It is as full-blooded and gallant a romance as you are likely to come across this season."
—WILLIAM SOSKIN, *New York Evening Post*

"The story moves forward with a majesty and power too often lacking in our modern novels."
—HARRY EMERSON WILDES, *Philadelphia Ledger*

"And a magnificent story it is . . . The Literary Guild has never chosen a finer novel than this."—W. A. MARTIN, *Buffalo News*

"Exuberant in movement, turbulent with action, intimately concerned with the lives of highly individual people . . . a triumph of creative vitality." —JAMES GRAY, *St. Paul Dispatch*

G. B. LANCASTER'S Novel

PAGEANT

CENTURY *415 pp., $2.50* *3rd Printing*

ZONA GALE

writes a new novel as universal in its appeal as "Miss Lulu Bett"

Set in a small Wisconsin town, this new novel tells the touchingly human story of Papa La Fleur and his two daughters. With flawless art Zona Gale shows youth with cruel pride and thoughtlessness asserting individual rights and going its way regardless. Here is a truly unforgetable story! $1.50

PAPA LA FLEUR

This is an Appleton Book • D. APPLETON AND COMPANY • 35 W. 32nd St., N.Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED